

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1. Memorials of Henry VII., . . . .	<i>North British Review,</i>	67
2. Hopes and Fears: or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster, . . . .	<i>Author of the Heir of Redclyffe,</i>	77
3. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect, . . . .	<i>North British Review,</i>	87
4. Holmby House, Chaps. 33-35, . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	94
5. Coldstream, . . . .	<i>Once a Week,</i>	106
6. The Great Tribulation; or, The Things Coming Upon the Earth, . . . .	<i>Press,</i>	111
7. The Search for Sir John Franklin, . . . .	<i>Captain Osborn,</i>	114
8. Hallucinations, . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	119
9. Life of Baron Steuben, . . . .	<i>Athenæum,</i>	126

POETRY.—Effie Campbell, 66. Song of the Survivor, 66. Life's Shipwrecks, 125. Lover's Hearts, 125. Drenched by the Wintry Seas, 125.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Rapidity of Photography, 76. A Pious and Sensible Negro, 105. Noah's Ark and the Great Eastern, 113. Shadow of Peter Schlemihl, 118. Artificial Diamonds, 118. M. Mirelet's Travels in Central America, 118. Liquid Silver Mine, 124.

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## EFFIE CAMPBELL.

PRETTY Effie Campbell  
Came to me one day;  
Eyes as bright as sunbeams,  
Cheeks with blushes gay.

"I'm so happy, cousin,  
Walter told me all,  
In the carriage, coming  
From the county ball."

"Have a care, Miss Effie—  
Look before you leap;  
Men are fickle, Effie,—  
Better wait than weep."

"How you're always preaching  
Love to be a crime;  
And a kiss perdition,  
Surly Peter Syme."

"Fear these first love whispers,  
Thrilling, sweet, and strange;  
Eyes will wander, Effie,  
And the fancy change."

"I can trust him, cousin,  
With a glad repose;  
Heaven is won by trusting,—  
Doubt brings half our woes."

"Are you certain, Effie,  
Love will not decay  
When your step is slower,  
And your hair grows gray;

"And those eyes, so bonnie,  
Look less bright than now;  
And the matron Caution  
Saddens cheek and brow?"

"Love may deepen, Peter,  
But it will not die;  
Beat its pulse will steadier,  
If not quite so high.

"Smoother run the rivers  
As they reach the sea,  
Calm'd the noisy plunges—  
Still'd the shallow glee.

"True love knows no changing  
From the dream of youth,  
Or, if changed, 'tis better—  
'Tis the dream made truth.

"Love that once pined blindly,  
Tenderly reveres,  
And the eyes see clearer  
That have look'd through tears.

"Beautiful, forever,  
The grief-soften'd tread;  
And the time-touch'd glances,  
And the dear gray head.

"The pathetic paleness,  
And the lines of care;  
Memory's consecration  
Makes men always fair.

"Lips that came close creeping,  
Sweet low love to speak,  
Kissing, oh! so softly,  
Weary temples weak.

"Eyes that look'd such pity—  
Poor wild eyes above;  
Can these lose their beauty  
For the souls that love?"

"But I see you're laughing,  
As you always do,  
When my speech gets earnest—  
As my heart throbs through.

"Weak you think us women,—  
Slaves of impulse, vain;  
But our heart is oftentimes  
Truer than your brain.

"You're our subjects, sceptic,  
Wrangle as you will;  
Mothers' eyes and bosoms  
Mould the children still.

"Tale of woman's glamor—  
'Tis the oldest known;  
Better doom with woman  
Than an Eden lone.

"We shall always snare you,  
Struggle as you may;  
I shall see you, cousin,  
Deep in love, one day!"

"Effie!"—but she stopped me  
With a nod and smile,  
Calling, as she courtesey'd,  
In her saucy style,—

"By, by, Master Peter,—  
Take a wife in time,  
And she'll make you wiser,  
Simple Peter Syme."

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

—Once a Week.

## THE SONG OF THE SURVIVOR.

WHERE is the form of girlish mould,  
Under the spread of the branches old,  
At the well-known trysting tree;  
With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,  
And the breezes waving them fold upon fold,  
Waiting for me?

Where is the sweet voice with cadence deep  
Of one that singeth our babe to sleep,  
And often turns to see  
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,  
And watches the lazy dial creep,  
Waiting for me?

Long since these locks are laid i' the clay,  
Long since that voice hath past away,  
On earth no more to be;  
But still in the spirit-world afar  
She is the dearest of those that are  
Waiting for me.

—Once a Week.

From The North British Review.

*Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages.* Published by the authority of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. *Memorials of King Henry VII.* Edited by James Gairdner. London: Longman and Co., 1858.

THIS volume of the series of "*Chronicles and Memorials*" contains contemporary writings illustrative of the times of Henry VII.

These consist of the historical works of Bernard André, his poem called "*Les douze triomphes de Henry VII.*," the journals and reports of Henry's ambassadors into Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Brittany, and some other papers of a somewhat similar character.

The histories of André, having been consulted by Speed, and probably also by Lord Bacon, from whom our notions of the reign of Henry VII. have been hitherto mainly derived, the editor has justly deemed it to be a matter of some interest "to verify the references of these writers, and to examine the sources of their information."

The chief results of this investigation, along with biographical notices of André and others, are given in a very readable preface to the volume. From the perusal of this, the reader will find that the story of Henry's entry into London, "in a close chariot," "like an enemy of the state,"\* had its origin in the mistaken reading of a word in André's MS.; and again, that passages relating to Perkin Warbeck's imposture seems to have been so misconstrued or confused by Bacon and Speed, as to have afforded fallacious grounds for modern "Historic Doubts."

But this minute criticism of minor particulars, valuable as it is in its place, leaves our notions of Henry VII. very little altered; and we think, that the real historical value of the materials before us, must be sought for in quite another direction.

The peculiar characteristic of these contemporary writings seems to us to be, their relation almost as much to European as to English affairs, and the intimacy they disclose, particularly between the contemporary courts of Ferdinand and Isabella and of Henry VII.

Henry's reign lay at the very threshold of the Reformation, and the period comprised within its limits was precisely that, during

\* This story is given by Bacon in his History of Henry VII.

which Europe seemed to nerve its energies for the coming struggle. As the Reformation was not a merely local event, but one emphatically *European*, so all Europe, in this antecedent period, seemed to be gathering its forces to meet it. Not each nation separately and in silence; but by a sort of combined or concurrent effort, which blended the interests of nations into one, and consequently entangled their history.

But the period of Henry VII. may be regarded, not only as antecedent to the Reformation, but also as being *the last*, so to speak, of the *Middle Ages*. It was a *transition* period, and perhaps may be more safely and correctly viewed from a *mediæval*, rather than from a *modern*, point of view.

We of the nineteenth century think we can see how the minor nationalities of the old world were swallowed up into one great empire—stretched over by a network of Roman roads—bound together by the uniting bond of one common language; so that Christianity might thus, with a speed otherwise miraculous, travel into every region of the known world, and root herself in a soil prepared for her first germination. We think we can see how it was, that when the building was complete, it became needful that the scaffolding should be cleared away—how it became necessary that, her work being done, Rome should be taken out of the way. We do not wonder that men under whose eyes this took place, should have marvelled to see all the lights of the old world put out—all her refinement and civilization extinguished—just at the moment, when they seemed to be appropriated by Christianity, as they were in the age of Augustine. Men must, of necessity, have trembled as they entered into the dark night of barbarism which followed; and they would have trembled more had they known that it was to last little short of one thousand years! They might well begin to think that God had abandoned his world, and given it over for a time to the powers of evil. Did not the king of evil think so too, as he seemed to ride upon the storm, deluging the world with darkness, leading forth from the pagan east his barbarian armies, to overwhelm every thing that was good in the lands into which Christianity had spread? It is true that the church was found to be stronger than the empire. Single-handed she struggled hard against the flood, and at last stemmed the waves proudly; but

when the storm was over, and the waves rocked themselves to rest, evil seemed nevertheless to have triumphed even over her. Led like her founder into the wilderness, and offered all the kingdoms of the earth upon the condition of worshipping the giver, the church seemed to have accepted the offer. She henceforth rose proudly to rule the kingdoms, and herself was apparently ruled by the tempter to whom she had succumbed. The triumph of evil seemed complete, and, for any thing that men could tell, permanent. They could not possibly foresee how the evil would be overruled for good—how that this seeming triumph was in reality no triumph at all—how, in overloading Christianity with the barbarism of the wild eastern nations, instead of smothering the seed forever, it had but spread over it the very soil, in which, after long centuries of silent germination, it was destined most abundantly to flourish. This after events only have revealed to ourselves.

At the period of the accession of Henry VII., the nations dwelt under the shadow of two great events, which darkened the horizon of their past, and filled them with fears for the future. First, the recent *fall of Constantinople*; and secondly, the *great schism in the papacy*.

The progress of Ottoman arms had opened the eyes of politicians to the real condition and apparent prospects of Christendom. These were indeed any thing but hopeful. Driven as it were into the northern and western promontories of Europe, by the ever-encroaching power of nations, inspired by the warlike faith of Mohammed—a faith which, though little more than half the age of Christianity, yet already numbered, according to the general belief of that period, five times as many votaries as she could lay claim to\*—a faith which was still penetrating further and further westward as centuries advanced, so irresistibly, that men began to have their fears, lest Italy should at length fall into its grasp; which had early stripped Christianity of her African churches, and for seven hundred years had maintained a firm foothold in the richest provinces of Spain, and this in spite of her mediæval and often repeated crusades—the external position of Christendom seemed very much like that of a rapidly declining power. And when they turned to examine her inter-

nal resources, their desponding feelings were deepened rather than relieved.

Little more than a century had passed since a scourge had swept over Europe, as far more depopulating than Mohammedan arms, as the pestilence that walketh in darkness is more dreadful than the arrow that flieth by day. From the Levant the deadliest plague which the world's annals bear record of, had passed into Italy in 1346. It stripped her cities of most of their inhabitants,\* and then passed over the Alps into France, where in a few short months it is said to have cut off four or five millions of her people.† It crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, and, in 1349, burst forth like a pent-up storm upon England, destroying, it is said, nine-tenths, and beyond all doubt a very large proportion of her inhabitants.‡ Churchyards were not large enough to receive the number of its dead; and in a field of thirteen acres, provided specially for the purpose in London, there is evidence that 50,000 citizens were laid beneath the turf.§ When the English parliament assembled in the following year, they recorded, in the first statute inscribed upon their rolls, that "*a great part of the people had died of the pestilence!*"||

Strange that historians should dispose of an event like this in a few short sentences, as if its effects were no more permanent than those of a bad harvest, or its chief importance lay in the fact that it gave rise to Boccaccio's "*Decameron!*"

How rapidly must the population have increased, to have made up its lost numbers, during the century which succeeded! Was the condition of the nations such as to make it likely that their populations should increase at such a rate? Could Germany have regained her lost population,¶ during a period, in which her separate states were at continual war with each other—her nobles, castled on inaccessible rocks, subsisting upon plunder—her social condition that of a nation emerging out of barbarism into civilized life? Could

\* It is said to have destroyed, in Venice, 100,000; in Florence, 60,000, or three-fifths of the population; and in Padua, two-thirds.

† Hal., Middle Ages, Sup. notes, 55.

‡ In Yarmouth 7052 died; in Norwich, 57,000; in Leicester, 1480 in three parishes only.—Barnes' Hist. of Ed. III., 436, *et seq.*

§ Stow's Survey, ii. 62. || 23 Ed. III., c. 1.

¶ She is said to have lost 1,200,000.—Barnes' History of Ed. III., 436, *et seq.*

\* See Tindal's works, ii. 55.



France have regained her lost millions, during a century, in which she was engaged in incessant and devastating wars? Could Spain have restored her losses, while Castile was the prey of the conspiracies and civil disturbances which marked the reign of John II., and Arragon was spending her men and treasure, to her own impoverishment, in the Italian quarrels of her princes?

We might mention instances in which an actual further depopulation can be shown to have taken place; \* but we prefer to turn exclusively to the instance of our own country.

Setting aside the report of the chroniclers, that she lost nine-tenths of her inhabitants in the pestilence, as an exaggeration, and falling back upon the simple and more cautious statement of the Commons, that "*a great part*" of the people had fallen victims to it, the real question requiring an answer is this—Whether the fraction of population which remained, could have so multiplied itself as to have reached the old numbers, during a century, almost wholly filled up, first, by the wars with France and Scotland, and secondly, by those civil dissensions—that "civil war amongst ourselves, which," in the words attributed to the Duke of Buckingham in 1843, "caused so great an effusion of the ancient noble blood of this realm, that scarcely the half remained, to the great eufeebling of this noble land; beside many a good town ransacked and spoiled, . . . so that there was no time in which rich men for their money, and great men for their lands, were out of peril."

In answer to this question, we have in the first place the contemporary authority of John Capgrave, who, as he died in 1464, more than seventy years old, may have heard the story of the pestilence from eye-witnesses, and who, having been through a long life himself an eye-witness of its permanent effects, is perhaps the very best authority that we could quote. He states that, "it was supposed," that the pestilence "left not in England the tenth part of the people"—that, in consequence, "lords' rents and priests' tythes ceased"—that, "because there were so few tillmen, the earth lay untilld"—and finally, that "*so much misery was in the land, that*

*the prosperity which was before never recurred.*" \*

This statement is explicit; and the truth of it is borne out, it seems to us, by the facts, from which Mr. Hallam and others have drawn different conclusions. They may be shortly stated as follows:—

*First*, What accounts we have of the population of London and other towns in early times, show a population very much larger than we know to have existed in 1377. These Mr. Hallam rejects as exaggerations.

*Secondly*, In 1377, the population of London seems to have been somewhere about 35,000, and that of the whole realm 2,000,000.

*Thirdly*, At the accession of Henry VII., Mr. Hallam concludes that the population of the realm reached somewhat more than 3,000,000.†

Now, if we bear in mind, that the census of 1377 was taken *only twenty-seven years after the pestilence*, we shall not hastily reject the earlier hints of a much larger population as exaggerations. The population of London *must* have been very much larger before the pestilence, if it destroyed any thing like 50,000, and left 35,000 surviving not thirty years after! The population of England *must* have been very much larger before the pestilence if it destroyed—we will not say nine-tenths, but—"a great part" of the people, and left 2,300,000 surviving in 1377.

Finally, if the population be correctly stated at 2,300,000 in 1377, and a little more than 3,000,000 in 1485, the theoretic increase during the century would be something over 700,000. But this number would be wholly inadequate to restore the losses of the pestilence, inasmuch as in that case the proportion of victims, instead of being any approximation to nine-tenths—instead of being "a great part" of the people—would have amounted only to one-fourth. So far, then, as these direct statistics may be relied on, they confirm, on the question of population, the statement of Capgrave, that England had not, in 1464, and therefore at the accession of Henry VII., nearly regained her old prosperity.

Tracing the *effects* of this depopulation, we come to a similar conclusion. If a great part

\* For instance, at the hearth-tax of 1404, Arragon had 42,683 houses; in 1429, not nearly so many.—Hall, Mid. Ages, i. 412.

\* Capgrave's Chronicle of England, pp. 213, 214.

† Hallam's Mid. Ages, ii. 159, n.; and Constitutional History, i. 8, n.

of the people were destroyed, a great part of their habitations would be left untenanted. Some towns and many villages must have disappeared, as they did, in our own time, during the Irish famine. As Capgrave says, "lords' rents" and "priests' tythes" must have "ceased;" and if, as he continues, for the want of laborers, "the earth lay untilled," the value of land, as well as of houses, must have been in the long run very much depreciated. Now what was the fact in relation to these two points? Had the untenanted houses found inhabitants, and had the land regained its old value, at the accession of Henry VIII.?

First, as to the houses. Instead of their being rebuilt and re-occupied, the civil wars, and the numerous ejections arising from the prevalent preference for pasturage (itself a consequence of the depopulation, which made tillage unprofitable), had desolated more."\*

Harrison complained, in 1577, that there were not then remaining nearly as many towns and villages, as, from ancient records, it would appear that there had been during the centuries before the pestilence.†

In 1433, when a fifteenth was granted to the king, it was thought necessary to remit nearly one-seventh of the whole amount, "in part relief and discharge of the poor towns, cities, and burghs, desolate, wasted, or destroyed, or over greatly impoverished." And that these desolations were not repaired during the century, is evident from the fact, that, in nearly every subsidy granted from that time downwards, a similar deduction was made in similar words, till at length those statutes were passed by the parliaments of Henry VIII. for the general rebuilding of towns throughout the country, to which we had occasion to refer in a former article.‡

\* As a specific instance of this, we may mention the town of Stamford, which was so "destroyed" by the Northern army ("which also destroyed Grantham, Peterbro', Huntingdon, etc."), that "it could never after recover its antient dignity."—*Peck's Annals of Stamford*, 63; *Stow*, p. 655.

† Harrison's Description of Britain, 1577, p. 82.

‡ No. LVII., Art. 3. In that article we referred the desolations of the towns exclusively to the civil wars. But, having since traced back the allusions to those desolations in the Subsidy Acts to a period antecedent to those wars, we are driven to the conclusion, that they can only have increased desolations which existed before, and of which no other cause can be satisfactorily shown, other than the pestilence.

Wood, in his "Antiquities," says, the parsonage of Yarmouth, "which, before the plague, was

Then, turning to the question of the value of land, we are able to present to our readers the following series of instances of valuations of arable farms in Hertfordshire. The estimated annual value per acre, reduced to the standard of our present coin, is placed opposite, in each instance, to the date at which the valuation was made:\*

1268,.....9d.	1313,.....12d.
1271,.....12d.	1330,.....8d.
1274,.....12d.	".....6d.
1285,.....6d.	1331,.....8d.
".....7d.	1333,.....11d.
1291,.....9d.	1333,.....11d.
1339,.....9d.	1432,.....6d.
1368,.....10d.	1446,.....8d.
1381,.....9d.	1500,.....(Northamp- tonshire).....5d.
1417,.....6d.	to
1422,.....4d.	1510,.....[Hunting- donshire].....5d.†
1429,.....4d.	

These statistics, so far as they go, evidently point to the conclusion, that, while the annual value of land in Hertfordshire maintained, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, an average of from 9d. to 10d. per acre, a fall of at least 30 per cent took place about the year 1400, and that the old average was never afterwards regained during the fifteenth century.

We could multiply proofs; \* but it must

worth seven hundred marks, was hardly afterwards worth forty pounds, as was certified in 22 Henry VII." Hallam also mentions the instance of Winchester, which, in 1450, complained to Henry VI. that nine out of its sixteen streets were in ruins (*Supplemental Notes*, 330).

On the continent of Europe, as well as in England, "many towns and villages, nay, whole provinces, were left desolate of inhabitants."—*Barnes' Hist. of Edward III.*, 436, etc.

The following list of towns, the rebuilding of whose desolated houses was required by the stats. of Henry VIII., will show that no merely local cause will account for the decay of towns:—York, Lincoln, Canterbury, Coventry, Bath, Chichester, Salisbury, Winchester, Bristol, Scarbro', Hereford, Colchester, Rochester, Portsmouth, Poole, Lynn, Feversham, Worcester, Stafford, Buckingham, Pomfret, Grantham, Excester, Ipswich, Southampton, Great Tamworth, Oxenford, Great Wycomb, Guilford, Hull, Newcastle (T.), Beverley, Bedford, Leicester, Berwick, Nottingham, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Bridgworth, Queenbro', Northampton, Gloucester, and other towns in Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, Somerset, Essex, and Warwickshire, etc., etc.

\* These instances are collected from information from *Cuttler's Hist. of Herts.* The coin was of the same purity throughout, so that allowance has been made only for alterations from time to time made in its weight.

† The two last instances are of two farms held by Dr. Colet, which he inherited from his father.

‡ One of the Paston Letters furnishes us with an instance, in which, after great difficulty in finding a tenant, the steward of a manor, writing between 1422 and 1460, states that he cannot obtain even

suffice us here to have pointed out, that men, looking at things, as they must have done, from a mediæval point of view, dwelling under the shadow of Turkish conquests, and reading in the dismal history of the past their prospects for the future, might well watch despondingly the turn of events.

They had, as it were, just buried their hopes, when Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain, and Henry VII. in England, took the helm of affairs.

There was a strong analogy between the task which lay before the Spanish and English monarchs, on their accession to their respective thrones. Both had, in the first place, to quell long-continued civil wars, and by a firm and good government to secure the stability of their thrones against many pretenders to the crown; and both, in the course of a comparatively short period, surmounted their difficulties, and established the peace of their respective kingdoms.

When, towards the conclusion of their reigns, after Ferdinand and Henry had each lost his queen, they entered into fresh negotiations to perpetuate the alliance between them, Henry could instruct his ambassadors to say, "that his realm was *in good peace and tranquillity, and his subjects in due obeisance and wealthy condition; established in peace, quiet, and restfulness with all outward princes.*"\* And Ferdinand could answer for himself, "that he had ruled the land to its honor and profit;" whereas, "at the first beginning, it stood in great trouble."† This was a great deal to say after a century of incessant civil and international wars!

two-thirds of the old rent without granting a lease of five or six years (Paston Letters, iii. 153).

In the reign of Edward IV., land seems to have been sold for half its former value: and it was with difficulty that landlords could obtain their rents from the farmers, small as they were (Paston Letters, iv. 201; Harrison's Description of Britain, 86).

A Venetian estimate of the revenue of England, in 1454, assumes that it had fallen from 2,000,000 to 700,000 ducats since 1404, owing to the wars. The revenues of other nations are stated also to have suffered a similar reduction (Hallam's Mid. Ages, ii. 356, n.).

And finally, when the Venetian ambassadors visited England in 1500, they were greatly struck by the extreme thinness of the population, and the consequently small proportion of land actually under cultivation (Italian Relation of England; Camden Soc., p. 10, etc).

\* Memorials of Henry VII. "Report of Ambassadors touching the King of Arragon, p. 242.

† Memorials of Henry VII., 261.

The alliance seems to date almost from the accession of Henry VII. Soon after the birth of Prince Arthur, we find Spanish ambassadors in England, negotiating his projected marriage with the infant Catherine of Arragon. They remained in England "for the space of a year or thereabouts;"\* and, accompanying them back into Spain, an embassy was sent by Henry in 1488, the details of which are preserved in "Machado's Journal."

He says little or nothing of its special object; but, carefully as this is concealed, the particular request of the ambassadors, at their second audience, that they might be permitted to see the young princesses, and the frequent mention of the "Donna Catherine" as the "Princess of England," or the "Princess of Wales," disclose the progress that had already been made in the negotiations for the marriage. For instance:—

"Item, on the 24th day of March [1488-9], the kings sent for the said ambassadors. . . . And they went with the kings into a gallery hung with fine tapestry. There they found the young princesses. There were Donna Maria and our Princess of England, Donna Catherine. . . . And the said two daughters, the Infanta Donna Maria and the Infanta Donna Catherine, Princess of England, had fourteen maidens, all noble ladies [attending upon them], all of them dressed in cloth of gold, and all of them daughters of noblemen."†

And again:—

"And on the 25th day of this same month of March, the said kings made another festival in honor of these ambassadors, to wit, a bull-fight. And afterwards there came out about one hundred knights and other noblemen, who were well mounted on fine jennets, who skirmished and ran with dogs in the way they fought with the Saracens; which thing was a fine sight. . . . And it was beautiful to see how the queen held up her youngest daughter, who was the Infanta Donna Catherine, Princess of Wales; and at that time she was three years of age," etc., etc.‡

The manner in which the ambassadors were received further shows the importance of their mission, and the anxiety of Ferdinand and Isabella to conclude the English alliance.

"Indeed I believe (says Machado) that no ambassadors ever went [on an embassy] who had more honor done them than was done to

\* Memorials of Henry VII., 328.

† Ibid., 350.

‡ Ibid., 351.

the said ambassadors in every thing. People speak of the honor done to ambassadors in England. Certainly it is not to be compared to the honor which is done to the ambassadors in the kingdom of Castile, and especially in the time of this noble king and queen."\*

Scarcely had the alliance thus been concluded, when Ferdinand and Isabella achieved that great conquest of Granada, which made Europe ring with acclamation. The spell which had bound her for ages was broken by it. After long centuries, wherein more and more territory had been ceded to the infidel, men's hearts had settled down in the gloomy expectation that they might be destined to see even Italy herself in the hands of the Turk. The fall of Constantinople had sounded like a death-knell in their ears. But now at length was a shout of Christian triumph heard for the first time. A turn had come at length in the tide of victory. After a seven hundred years' struggle, the infidel was swept out of Spain. The star of hope rose at once into the dark sky, and Spain blazed for a time like a meteor in the firmament of nations.

Henry VII. appreciated fully this victory of "the kings." No sooner had he heard of it, than, in the midst of his nobles, and the mayor and aldermen of London, he ordered a solemn Te Deum to be sung in the Cathedral of St. Paul's; "for that (to quote the words used by Cardinal Morton on this occasion) for these many years Christians have never before gained new ground or territory from the infidels, nor enlarged the bounds of the Christian world."†

And when, some years after (in 1502), the pope called upon European princes to aid him in his wars against the Turks, Henry, though exceedingly cautious in committing himself to the pope,‡ was quite ready to join with the Spanish sovereigns in a *bona fide* crusade. The following despatch shows that they had exchanged views upon the subject, and were acting somewhat in concert.

Ferdinand and Isabella write thus to their English ambassador:—

"Regarding what you tell us about the tenth and crusade-money which is being levied in that kingdom to maintain the expedition against the Turks, . . . tell the king our brother, that taking into consideration the point at which the matter has arrived, and the

necessity of forestalling and remedying the danger in which the Turk has placed and holds many lands of Christendom, the best thing would be that all the flotillas which we Christian princes shall join in collecting, . . . should be under one captain, . . . viz., the cardinal and master of Rhodes. . . . And in order that the money from the said tenth and crusade-tax now being levied may prove of most avail for that purpose, it would be best that orders should be given, that with the proceeds a flotilla be built in [England]; . . . for if this is not acted upon, and they should send it (the money) to the pope, it is certain that he would expend it for some other purpose, and not on account of the said expedition. And tell the king aforesaid, that although the past year and the present we have had great expenses in our fleet, we have just given orders for another fleet, . . . in order to aid and assist in the defence of Christendom."\*

But we must pass on now to that second great event, which, pressing on the heels of the conquest of Granada, eclipsed it in brightness, and threw a still more dazzling halo round the Spanish throne.

While the English ambassadors, before mentioned, were in Spain, Machado says, that they were met at Medina del Campo, where "the kings," were, amongst others, by the "doctor of Tallavera."† The mention of this name reminds us of the fact, that, at that very time, the council, of which Tallavera was the president, was probably sitting at intervals upon the merits of the scheme of Christopher Columbus. This great man at that time frequented the court of "the kings," from whom he received marked attention and deference. Tallavera and his colleagues pronounced him a visionary schemer, and little dreamed that he was destined to be the hero of a greater conquest than that over the Moors. The news of the conquest of a kingdom had broken through the ice of centuries. Dispelling the universal despondency, it spread throughout Europe a spirit of enterprise and hope. But when men heard of the discovery of the New World—when they talked of the "Terra Nova" in the West,—it has been well observed, they began to congratulate each other, that their lot had fallen in an age in which such wonders were achieved.

Thus within a few short years had the Spanish monarchs, by their energy and foresight, dispelled the gloom of the Middle

\* Memorials of Henry VII., 350, 351.

† Bacon's Henry VII.

‡ See his reply to the pope, Ellis' Letters, 1st Series, vol. i., p. 38.

\* Memorials of Henry VII., 413, 414.

† Ibid.; 839.



Ages, and revealed symptoms, which could not be mistaken, that an era of hope was at hand, brighter at least than had been known since the fall of the Western Empire.

But, in this case, the influence of Spanish enterprise was felt in England, not alone by the general impression produced by the return of Columbus. The ambassadors who passed to and fro between the two countries, must have brought with them, from time to time, news of successes in the West, which, to use Bacon's word, "sharpened" the king's emulation; and it is not a little curious that one of these ambassadors was *Don Peter de Ayala*—the very man who had previously been sent into Portugal to defend the course taken by the kings in sending out Columbus on his second voyage, and to induce the Portuguese to comply with the terms of the papal bull, whereby all new lands in the West had been granted to the crown of Spain, resting content with their own province of discovery in the south. Ayala must, therefore, have been well versed in all that related to Columbus and maritime discovery. He probably brought with him the news to England of the departure of the Portuguese expedition, under Vasco de Gama, on its famous and successful voyage in search of a south-eastern passage to India. Henry, as he made a confidant of Ayala, and counselled him upon his own affairs, must often have conferred with him upon these subjects; and perhaps, therefore, it was something more than a coincidence, that about the time of his visit to England Henry sent out his first maritime expedition under Sebastian Cabot to Labrador and Newfoundland. In several succeeding years he issued new commissions for the discovery and investing of unknown lands.\* This conjecture, though it be but a conjecture, may not be devoid of interest, when associated with a name, otherwise never to be forgotten in English or Scottish history. Ayala was the means of bringing about that peace between England and Scotland, which resulted in the alliance between the two royal houses, and ultimately in the union of the two crowns, a century afterwards. In the accounts hitherto given by historians, we fail to perceive the probable reasons which operated with Henry, in employing this Spanish ambassador on so important an errand. In a despatch printed in the "Memorials," and

probably written just before Ayala's first visit to England, we find allusion to a fact, which at once points out qualifications in Ayala for such a task, of which we were in ignorance before. The despatch is from Queen Isabella to her ambassador in London, and it contains the following paragraph:—

"This day Don Pedro de Ayala has written to me, who, *together with the ambassador of Scotland*, was on the point of taking shipment: and he makes me aware how the said ambassador was in great fear of falling into the hands of the English, during this his voyage and return from Scotland; and for his security he has besought me, that in a despatch of mine, I should name him my ambassador. I, on this account, have issued instructions to prepare a letter credential, for the king of England, on behalf of the said Don Pedro and him, appointing them for my ambassadors; but I have written to Don Pedro that, should they have passed, he might tear up my letter aforesaid. I am minded to let you know this, because, if you see it, you will know from what cause it was done."

It seems, therefore, that the Spanish sovereigns had had previous communications with Scotland, and that Ayala had very recently been sent into Scotland with the Scotch ambassador. These two facts dispel all the mystery. Ayala being well versed in the affairs both of England and Scotland, and being the ambassador of the Spanish sovereigns, who were upon friendly terms with both England and Scotland, was naturally selected as the person most qualified for so delicate a task, as that of negotiating a peace between them. The intimacy between Spain and England was not confined to the courts. The English ambassadors in Laredo, were entertained by a merchant who had an agent in Southampton; † and at Burgos, by "merchants who had frequented England." ‡ The extent to which the commerce between the two countries was carried is shown in a despatch, § dated 1509, in which complaint is made that much gold was conveyed away by the English merchants, in return for English cloth imported into Spain.

Another link of intimacy between the two countries was the number of pilgrims passing from one to the other. When the ambassadors were in danger of shipwreck on

\* Memorials of Henry VII., 403.

† Ibid., 333.

‡ Ibid., 336.

\* Bacon.

§ Ibid., 436.



their voyage, Machado says, "They cried unto God and to all the saints of Paradise, and by God's grace, and by the prayers and pilgrimages promised to the good saints, they were comforted and saved."\* In another place Machado mentions falling in with four ships of French pilgrims on their way to the shrine of *St. Iago de Compostella*; † and we may mention that an English placard is still in existence, belonging to this period, ‡ offering to such Englishmen as should contribute a certain amount to the funds of the hospital, shortly before erected by Isabella for the accommodation of pilgrims to this famous shrine, the same indulgences as had usually been granted to those who performed a pilgrimage to it.§

This mention of pilgrimages naturally turns our attention to the religious aspects of the period under review. As the *shadow of the Turkish conquest* of Constantinople rested upon the minds of politicians, and influenced the direction of their aims and energies, so did the *shadow of the great Papal Schism* rest upon the minds of those who had at heart, whether from political or religious motives, the interests of the Christian church. That schism had been ended only by a revolution, which, under the guidance of the great and good *Gerson*, had left the pope the *constitutional*, instead of the *absolute*, monarch of the church.

To restore the unity of the church, the sovereigns of Europe had promoted this revolution; and to preserve the unity of the church, they now promoted a thorough reform of the clergy and the monastic orders. Such, however, was their dread of schism, that they dared not proceed with this reform without the sanction of the most dissolute of popes. They therefore bargained, in any way they could, for bulls, under which they themselves at length undertook to perform the task which the pope, in his own person,

seemed determined to neglect. Ferdinand and Isabella, through the great Cardinal Ximenes, wrung from the pope the necessary authority vigorously to reform the Spanish monasteries. Henry VII., through his minister Cardinal Morton, under a like authority, pursued a similar course, as the Lambeth records still remain to testify.

But at length papal wickedness, culminating in Alexander VI., Ferdinand and Isabella began to fear lest a new revolution and another schism should arise from the scandals it brought upon the church. To avoid this danger, without calling a general council, which they feared might hasten instead of avert it, they wished that the Christian princes should combine, and, in a peaceable way, endeavor to compel the reform of some, at least, of the most notorious of the papal excesses.

The document, which discloses the views of the Spanish sovereigns upon this point, is so important, that, as it has not found its way into the collection of "Memorials," and has, we believe, never yet been laid before English readers, we insert a translation of it at length.\*

"Year 1498. The King and Queen.

"Concerning the correction of Alexander VI.

"What the Subprior should say to the king of England, being in private, is as follows:—

"What you, el pache Soprior, de Santa Cruz, have to say from us to the king of England when you arrive there, in the journey you are now taking by our order into Flanders, is the following:—

"That knowing his good-will, and how good and Christian and catholic the king is, and how much zeal he has for the things of God and the good of the church; it seems to us that we ought to communicate with him in this so very important affair, very privately, by you, and by no other person, in order to learn his opinion upon it.

"That he must be already aware how much esteem and affection we have to our Most Holy Father [the pope], and what we desire to do for him; and to this we are bound more than other princes, not only by his being Vicar of Jesus Christ our Lord, but as being our own countryman; †—and our past ser-

\* For the Spanish of this document, see the British Museum Library, No. 1445, g. 23.

For the translation we are indebted to our friend B. B. Wiffen, Esq. of Mt. Pleasant, near Woburn, in whose possession the original copy of the document remains.

† Alexander VI. was a Valencian

\* Memorials of Henry VII., 332. † Ibid., 371.  
‡ Printed between 1503 and 1513.

§ The placard referred to is a broadsheet printed in black letter. The heading is preceded by a woodcut of the scollop shell, is as follows:—"Hereaft foloweth the abreviacon of the graces and indulgences and stacios which our moste holy fad Pope Alexander vi. granteth to all true benelinge people: of every sexe or kynde wyllge to entre into the fraternite of the great Hospytall of Saynt James i Cospetell: lately edifyed and bylded: as is coteined i his leters apostolykes granted to euerlastinge memory, and cofirmed by our holy fad: nowe beigne Pope Julius."

vices performed in his favor are good vouchers of the love we bear him and what we desire to do for him, and, especially, all that occurred in the war which was [undertaken] chiefly for the church and its defence. And hence it comes that many persons tell us that the pope, taking us [to be] so favorable [to him] and so bound to his affairs, is too forward to do very extravagant things, and this by other means than he ought to employ.

"That we are told now that he is set upon wishing to remove the Cardinal of Valentia from the church, being bound to the gospel, in order to make him great at a distance, and this by wealth [taken] from the church,—seeking to do this after the manner he did in making him Cardinal; and [as he did] in taking from the church, Benevento, to give it to the Duke of Gandia.\* Thus he sells all the benefices that are vacated to purchase estates for his sons, and obstructs the reformation of the monasteries in our realms,† and more still, the reformation of the church of Rome, by deeds contrary to what the vicar of Jesus Christ should do, and very scandalous and of bad example to all Christendom.

"It grieves us much, and we feel it to the soul, both on account of God and the honor of the church; and even as it affects his holiness, we much desire the remedy of it, and that it might be done without hurt and inconvenience to his holiness. For if it be not remedied, it may draw down great damage to the church universally.

"And that we have already privately entreated the remedy for these abuses from his holiness, and have already made all the efforts we could to attain it; and we see that they have not only not abated, but it seems the longer they continue the more the irregularities and excesses of his holiness increase, and have come to such a pass that early measures are needful to prevent greater injury arising from them to the church.

"And that he is quite aware that it belongs to the Christian princes, to whom God gives

\* In June, 1497, Alexander VI. had secularized the church lands of Benevento, etc., constituted them into a duchy, and given them to his son "John Duke of Gandia," who was assassinated, it is supposed, by his brother Cæsar Borgia, seven days after. In 1498, (the date of this document) Cæsar Borgia (who had been made archbishop and cardinal of Valenza soon after his father's accession to the papacy) resigned his cardinalate, and was afterwards made Duke of Valentino, and in 1500 Duke of Romagna, etc. After Alexander VI.'s death, he was imprisoned by Ferdinand in Spain for two years.

† In November, 1496, Alexander VI., at the instigation of the monks, issued a brief, inhibiting Ferdinand and Isabella from proceeding with the reform of the monasteries and clergy, in which Ximenes was earnestly engaged, notwithstanding that the reform was made under the authority of a bull granted by himself a few years before.

the most influence upon earth, to obtain the remedy of this [evil].

"That it does not appear right to us to obtain it by means of a council, because of the scandal and schism that might thereby arise in the church; as well as because of the damage which might happen to the person of his holiness.

"But that it seems to us that we ought to effect it, by all of us sending our ambassadors with representations and entreaties to his holiness.

"That although our entreaties have not as yet availed, we believe that his holiness, seeing we are joined in it by some of the [other] Christian princes, will, through apprehension, do that which he ought to do.

"That some kings will combine with us. And because we believe that you, as a Catholic prince, zealous for the service of God and the good and honor of the church, will be willing to engage in this readily: We pray you affectionately also to be willing to do this, and to consent to send your own ambassadors to Rome concerning it: that they and our own, with those of the [other] princes who unite with us in this affair, may labor by representations and entreaties to his holiness to remedy the evil.

"That our ambassadors shall propose the negotiation, and urge it quickly, and will put themselves foremost in what will have to be done.

"That his [ambassadors] need only conform themselves to ours, and to the others who are agreed about it, and act the same as they do. And we hope in God that in this way we shall accomplish the remedy, and prevent those evils that might occur to the church if this be not done."

Let the reader mark the anxiety which pervades this document to preserve the church from another schism, the consequent caution in which its terms are couched, the deference paid throughout to the papal dignity; and yet the earnest resolve shown in some way to compel the pope to reverse some of his most scandalous acts; and he cannot but admire the earnest zeal for reform which formed so virtuous a phase of the character of the Spanish "kings," and their great minister, Cardinal Ximenes.

But while he can admire this phase, he will not be wholly unprepared to follow us, as we mar its beauty, by making one more quotation of a few lines from "Machado's Journal," under date 9th March, 1488-9:—

"The ambassadors were lodged at Valladolid with a merchant called Ruy Gonçalviz

de Porthilho, who had been put in prison and accused as a heretic. And the kings had arrested all his property, for which reason the ambassadors were very ill lodged,"\* etc.

This is a very early instance of the intolerance of Ferdinand and Isabella. A few years before, they had begun to introduce the Inquisition into Spain, and as they seem to have been at Valladolid only a month or two before the ambassadors were there, the imprisonment of Porthilho was probably an act of their own. If not, it was one of the innumerable instances which obtained their hearty confirmation and their warmest approval.

That dread and hatred of schism, to which we have adverted, arising as it did from the theory of the necessity of outward unity in the church, and the duty of the civil power to maintain it, virtuous as it undoubtedly was, logically led to intolerance. And it needs no words of ours to show why Gerson, who was so zealous a reformer, that he carried reform

\* Memorials of Henry VII., 339.

over the heads of popes, and deposed them to preserve the unity of the church, at the same moment was exerting all his power to crush Huss and Jerome of Prague—why Henry VII., and Ferdinand and Isabella, and Morton and Ximenes, zealously engaged in the reform of the monasteries, and ready to combine even to reform the morals of the pope, were equally zealous in the persecution of heretics, whether their faith were that of the Moor, the Lollard, or the Jew. Here we must abruptly take leave of the "Memorials of Henry VII."

The review of detached materials must necessarily partake of a somewhat desultory character; but in thus glancing at some of the points, which the perusal of the volume has suggested to ourselves, we have wished to bear testimony to the value of its contents and, at the same time, to enlist the interest of our readers in the history of a period hitherto little explored, and much standing in need of further investigation.

**RAPIDITY OF PHOTOGRAPHY.**—We have heard it affirmed that a fly is a medium-sized object amongst living beings—meaning that there are objects as much smaller than a fly as an elephant or a whale is larger, and this we believe to be perfectly true. But what shall we say to a *second* in respect to photographic time of action? Taking six hours as the maximum time of exposure, we can show differences in times of exposure, and variations in active action on the other side of a second of time, far exceeding any thing ever dreamed of in the ordinary practice of photography. In taking photographs of rapidly moving objects—the waves of the sea, for instance—we have been obliged to judge of the proper exposure requisite to bring out the half-tints, and estimate differences of time varying between the 1-50th and 1-20th of a second. Exposures like these are, however, enormous when compared with the time occupied in other photographic experiments. Thus, in solar photography, according to experiments of Mr. Waterhouse, an image was impressed in a space of time no longer than 1-9000th part of

a second, even when a slow photographic process was used; and, when wet collodion was employed, one-third of the above time, or 1-27000th of a second, was all that was needed. This duration, however, inconceivably short as it appears, will be seen to be a tolerable length, when we try to bring the mind to appreciate the rapidity with which Mr. Talbot performed his crucial experiment at the Royal Institution, where he photographed a rapidly revolving wheel, illuminated by one single discharge of an electric battery. To a casual observer or reader of this experiment, the wonderful part appears to be that the wheel appeared perfectly sharp and stationary in the photograph, although, in reality, it was being rotated with as great a velocity as multiplying wheels could communicate to it. A little further consideration will, however, show that the time occupied in a revolution of the wheel was as a planetary cycle when compared with the time of duration of the illuminating spark, which, according to the most beautiful and trustworthy experiments of Prof. Wheatstone, only occupied the millionth part of a second in its duration.—*Photographic News*.

## HOPES AND FEARS:

OR,

## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPINSTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HEIR OF REDOLYFFE," "HEARTSEASE," ETC.

## PART I.—CHAPTER I.

"Who ought to go then and who ought to stay?"

Where do you draw an obvious border line?"

—CECIL AND MARY.

AMONG the numerous steeples counted from the waters of the Thames, in the heart of the city, and grudged by modern economy as cumberers of the soil of Mammon, may be remarked an abortive little dingy cupola, surmounting two large round eyes which have evidently stared over the adjacent roofs ever since the fire that began at Pie Corner and ended in Pudding Lane.

Strange that the like should have been esteemed the highest walk of architecture, and yet Honora Charlecote well remembers the days when St. Wulstan's was her boast, so large, so clean, so light, so Grecian, so far surpassing damp old Hiltonbury Church. That was at an age when her enthusiasm found indiscriminate food in whatever had a hold upon her affections, the nearer her heart of course the more admirable in itself, and it would be difficult to say which she loved the most ardently, her city home in Woolstone Lane, or Hiltonbury Holt, the old family seat, where her father was a welcome guest whenever his constitution required relaxation from the severe toils of a London rector.

Woolstone Lane was a locality that sorely tried the coachmen of Mrs. Charlecote's west-end connections, situate as it was on the very banks of the Thames, and containing little save offices and warehouses, in the midst of which stood Honora's home. It was not the rectory, but had been inherited from city relations, and it antedated the fire, so that it was one of the most perfect remnants of the glories of the merchant princes of ancient London. It had a court to itself, shut in by high walls, and paved with round-headed stones, with gangways of flags in mercy to the feet; the front was faced with hewn

squares after the pattern of Somerset House, with the like ponderous sashes, and on a smaller scale, the Louis XIV. pediment, apparently designed for the nesting-place of swallows and sparrows. Within was a hall, panelled with fragrant, softly-tinted cedar wood, festooned with exquisite garlands of fruit and flowers, carved by Gibbons himself, with all his peculiarities of rounded form and delicate edge. The staircase and floor were of white stone, tinted on sunny days with reflections from the windows' three medallions of yellow and white glass, where Solomon, in golden mantle and crowned turban, commanded the division of a stout, lusty child hanging by one leg; superintended the erection of a temple worthy of Haarlem; or graciously welcomed a recoiling stumpy vrow of a queen of Sheba, with golden hair all down her back.

The river aspect of the house had come to perfection at the Elizabethan period, and was sculptured in every available nook with the chevron and three arrows of the Fletcher's Company, and a merchant's mark, like a figure of four with a curly tail. Here were the oriel windows of the best rooms, looking out on a grass plat, small enough in country eyes, but most extensive for the situation, with straight, gravelled walks, and low lilac and laburnum trees, that came into profuse blossom long before their country cousins, but which, like the crocuses and snowdrops of the flower borders, had better be looked at than touched by such as dreaded sooty fingers. These shrubs veiled the garden from the great river thoroughfare, to which it sloped down, still showing traces of the handsome stone steps and balustrade that once had formed the access of the gold-chained alderman to his sumptuous barge.

Along those paths paced, book in hand, a tall, well-grown maiden, of good, straight features, and clear, pale skin, with eyes and rich

luxuriant hair of the same color, a peculiarly bright shade of auburn, such as painters of old had loved, and Owen Sandbrook called golden, while Humfrey Charlecote would declare he was always glad to see Honor's car-rots.

More than thirty years ago, personal teaching at a London parish school or personal visiting of the poor was less common than at present, but Honora had been bred up to be helpful, and she had newly come in from a diligent afternoon of looking at the needle-work, and hearing Crossman's Catechism, and Sellon's abridgment from a demurely dressed race of little girls in tall white caps, bibs and tuckers, and very stout indigo blue frocks. She had been working hard at the endeavor to make the little cockneys, who had never seen a single ear of wheat, enter into Joseph's dreams, and was rather weary of their town sharpness coupled with their indifference and want of imagination, where any nature, save human nature, was concerned. "I will bring an ear of Hiltonbury wheat home with me—some of the best girls shall see me sow it, and I will take them to watch it growing up—the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear—poor dears, if they only had a Hiltonbury to give them some tastes that are not all this hot, busy, eager world! If I could only see one with her lap full of bluebells, but though in this land of Cockaigne of ours, one does not actually pick up gold and silver, I am afraid they are our flowers, and the only ones we esteem worth the picking; and like old Mr. Sandbrook, we neither understand nor esteem those whose aims are otherwise! O Owen, Owen, may you only not be withheld from your glorious career! May you show this hard, money-getting world that you do really, as well as only in word, esteem one soul to be reclaimed above all the wealth that can be laid at your feet! The nephew and heir of the great firm voluntarily surrendering consideration, ease, riches, unbounded luxury for the sake of the heathen—choosing a wigwam instead of a west-end palace; parched maize rather than the banquet; the backwoods instead of the luxurious park; the red Indian rather than the club and the theatre; to be a despised minister rather than a magnate of this great city; nay, or to take his place among the influential men of the land. What has this worn, weary old civilization to offer like the joy of sitting beneath one of the glori-

ous aspiring pines of America, gazing out on the blue waters of her limpid inland seas, in her fresh pure air, with the simple children of the forest round him, their princely forms in attitudes of attention, their dark soft liquid eyes fixed upon him, as he tells them "Your Great Spirit, him whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you," and then; some glorious old chief bows his stately head, throws aside his marks of superstition. "I believe," he says, and the hearts of all bend with him; and Owen leads them to the lake, and baptizes them, and it is another St. Sacrament! Oh! that is what it is to have nobleness enough truly to overcome the world, truly to turn one's back upon pleasures and honors—what are they to such as this?"

So mused Honora Charlecote, and then ran indoors with bounding step, to her Schiller, and her hero-worship of Max Piccolomini, to write notes for her mother, and practice for her father the song that was to refresh him for the evening.

Nothing remarkable! No; there was nothing remarkable in Honora, she was neither more nor less than an average woman of the higher type. Refinement and gentleness, a strong appreciation of excellence, and a love of duty had all been brought out by an admirable education, and by a home devoted to unselfish exertion, varied by intellectual pleasures. Other influences—decidedly traceable in her musings—had shaped her principles and enthusiasms on those of an ardent Oxonian of the early years of William IV., and so bred up, so led by circumstances, Honora with her abilities, high cultivation, and tolerable sense, was a fair specimen of what any young lady might be, appearing perhaps somewhat in advance of her contemporaries, but rather from her training than from intrinsic force of character. The qualities of womanhood well developed, were so entirely the staple of her composition, that there is little to describe in her. Was not she one made to learn, to lean, to admire, to support, to enhance every joy, to soften every sorrow of the object of her devotion?

Another picture from Honora Charlecote's life. It is about half after six, on a bright, autumnal morning; and, rising nearly due east, out of a dark, pine-crowned hill, the sun casts his slanting beams over an undulating country, clothed in gray mist of tints differing with the distance, the further hills confounded



with the sky, the nearer dimly traced in purple, and the valleys between indicated by the whiter, woollier vapors that rise from their streams, a goodly land of fertile field and rich wood, cradled on the bosoms of those soft hills.

Nestled among the woods, clothing its hollows on almost every side rises a low hill, with a species of table-land on the top, scattered over with large thorns and scraggy oaks that cast their shadows over the pale buff bents of the short grass of the gravelly soil. Looking southward is a low, irregular, old-fashioned house, with two tall gable ends like eyebrows, and the lesser gable of a porch between them, all covered with large chequers of black timber, filled up with cream-colored cement. A straight path leads from the porch between beds of scarlet geraniums, their luxuriant horseshoe leaves weighed down with wet, and china-asters, a drop in every quilling, to an old-fashioned sundial, and beside that dial stands Honora Charlecote, gazing joyously out on the bright morning, and trying for the hundredth time to make the shadow of that green old finger point to the same figure as the hand of her watch.

"Oh! down, down, there's a good dog, Fly; you'll knock me down! Vixen, poor little doggie, pray, look at your paws," as a blue greyhound, and rough black terrier came springing joyously upon her, brushing away the silver dew from the shaven lawn.

"Down, down, lie down, dogs!" and with an obstreperous bound, Fly flew to the newcomer, a young man in the robust strength of eight-and-twenty, of stalwart frame, very broad in the chest and shoulders, careless, homely, though perfectly gentlemanlike bearing, and hale, hearty, sunburnt face. It was such a look and such an arm as would win the most timid to his side in certainty of tenderness and protection, and the fond voice gave the same sense of power and of kindness, as he called out, "Hollo, Honor, there you are! Not given up the old fashion?"

"Not till you give me up," Humfrey, she said, as she eagerly laid her neatly gloved fingers in the grasp of the great, broad, horny palm, "or at least till you take your gun."

"So you are not grown wiser?"

"Nor ever will be."

"Every woman ought to learn to saddle a horse, and fire off a gun."

"Yes, against the civil war squires are al-

ways expecting. You shall teach me when the time comes."

"You'll never see that time, nor any other, if you go out in those thin boots. I'll fetch Sarah's clogs; I suppose you have not a reasonable pair in the world."

"My boots are quite thick, thank you."

"Brown paper!" And indeed they were a contrast to his mighty nailed soles, and long, untanned bufkins, nor did they greatly resemble the heavy, country-made galoshes which, with an elder brother's authority, he forced her to put on, observing that nothing so completely evinced the Londoner as her obstinacy in never having a pair of shoes that could keep any thing out.

"And where are you going?"

"To Hayward's farm. Is that too far for you? He wants an abatement of his rent for some improvements, and I want to judge what they may be worth."

"Hayward's—oh, not a bit too far!" and holding up her skirts, she picked her way as daintily as her weighty *chaussure* would permit, along the narrow, green footway that crossed the expanse of dewy turf in which the dogs careered, getting their noses covered with flakes of thick gossamer, cemented together by dew. Fly scraped it off with a delicate forepaw, Vixen rolled over and doubly entangled it in her rugged coat. Humfrey Charlecote strode on before his companion with his hands in his pockets, and beginning to whistle, but pausing to observe, over his shoulder, "A sweet day for getting up the roots! You're not getting wet, I hope?"

"I couldn't through this rhinoceros hide, thank you. How exquisitely the mist is curling up, and showing the church-spire in the valley."

"And I suppose you have been reading all manner of books?"

"I think the best was a great history of France."

"France!" he repeated in a contemptuous John Bull tone.

"Ay; don't be disdainful; France was the centre of chivalry in the old time."

"Better have been the centre of honesty."

"And so it was in the time of St. Louis and his crusade. Do you know it, Humfrey?"

"Eh?"

That was full permission. Ever since Honora had been able to combine a narration,

Humfrey had been the recipient, though she seldom knew whether he attended, and from her babyhood upwards had been quite contented with trotting in the wake of his long strides, pouring out her ardent fancies, now and then getting an answer, but more often going on like a little singing bird, through the midst of his avocations, and quite complacent under his interruptions of calls to his dogs, directions to his laborers, and warnings to her to mind her feet and not her chatter. In the full stream of crusaders, he led her down one of the multitude of by-paths cleared out in the hazel coppice for sporting; here leading up a rising ground whence the tops of the trees might be overlooked, some flecked with gold, some blushing into crimson, and beyond them the needle point of the village spire, the vane flashing back the sun; there bending into a ravine, marshy at the bottom, and nourishing the lady fern, then again crossing glades, where the rabbits darted across the path, and the battle of Damietta was broken into by stern orders to Fly to come to heel, and the eating of the nuts which Humfrey pulled down from the branches, and held up to his cousin with superior good-nature.

"A Mameluke rushed in with a scymitar streaming with blood, and—"

"Take care; do you want help over this fence?"

"Not I, thank you—And said he had just murdered the king—"

"Vic—ah! take your nose out of that. Here was a crop, Nora."

"What was it?"

"You don't mean that you don't know wheat stubble?"

"I remember it was to be wheat."

"Red wheat, the finest we ever had in this land; not a bit beaten down, and the color perfectly beautiful before harvest, it used to put me in mind of your hair. A load to the acre; a fair specimen of the effect of drainage. Do you remember what a swamp it was?"

"I remember the beautiful loose-strifes that used to grow in that corner."

"Ah! we have made an end of that trumpery."

"You savage old Humfrey—beauties that they were."

"What had they to do in my cornfields? A place for every thing and every thing in its

place—French kings and all. What was this one doing wool gathering in Egypt?"

"Don't you understand, it had become the point for the blow at the Saracen power. Where was I? Oh! the Mameluke justified the murder, and wanted St. Louis to be king, but—"

"Ha! a fine covey, I only miss two out of them. These carrots, how their leaves are turned—that ought not to be."

Honora could not believe that any thing ought not to be that was as beautiful as the varied, rosy tints of the hectic beauty of the exquisitely shaped and delicately pinked foliage of the field carrots, and with her cousin's assistance she soon had a large bouquet where no two leaves were alike, their hues ranging from the deepest purple or crimson to the palest yellow, or clear scarlet, like sea-weed, through every intermediate variety of purple edged with green, green picked out with red or yellow, or *vice versa*, in never-ending brilliancy, such as Humfrey almost seemed to appreciate, as he said, "Well, you have something as pretty as your weeds; eh, Honor?"

"I can't quite give up mourning for my dear long purples."

"All very well by the river, but there's no beauty in things out of place, like your Louis in Egypt—well, what was the end of this predicament?"

So Humfrey had really heard, and been interested! With such encouragement, Honora proceeded swimmingly, and had nearly arrived at her hero's ransom, through nearly a mile of field-paths, only occasionally interrupted by grunts from her auditor at farming not like his own, when crossing a narrow foot-bridge across a clear stream, they stood before a farmhouse, timbered and chimneyed much like the Holt, but with new sashes displacing the old lattice.

"O Humfrey! how could you bring me to see such havoc? I never suspected you would allow it."

"It was without asking leave; an attention to his bride, and now they want an abatement for improvements! Whew!"

"You should fine him for the damage he has done!"

"I can't be hard on him, he is more or less of an ass, and a good sort of fellow, very good to his laborers; he drove Jem Hurd into the infirmary himself, when he broke his arm. No; he is not a man to be hard upon."

"You can't be hard on any one. Now that window really irritates my mind."

"Now Sarah walked down to call on the bride, and came home full of admiration at the place being so lightsome and cheerful. Which of you two ladies am I to believe?"

"You ought to make it a duty to improve the general taste! Why don't you build a model farmhouse, and let me make the design?"

"Ay, when I want one that nobody can live in. Come, it will be breakfast time."

"Are not you going to have an interview?"

"No; I only wanted to take a survey of the alterations; two windows, smart door, iron fence, pulled down old barn, talks of another. Hm!"

"So he will get his reduction?"

"If he builds the barn. I shall try to see his wife, she has not been brought up to farming, and whether they get on or not, all depends on the way she may take it up. What are you looking at?"

"That lovely wreath of traveller's joy."

"Do you want it?"

"No, thank you; it is too beautiful where it is."

"There is a piece, going from tree to tree, by the Hiltonbury Gate, as thick as my arm; I just saved it when West was going to cut it down with the copse wood."

"Well, you really are improving at last!"

"I thought you would never let me hear the last of it, besides there was a thrush's nest in it."

By and by the cousins arrived at a field where Humfrey's portly short horns were coming forth after their milking, under the pilotage of an old white-headed man, bent nearly double, uncovering his head as the squire touched his hat in response, and shouted, "Good-morning!"

"If you please, sir," said the old man, trying to erect himself, "I wanted to speak to you."

"Well."

"If you please, sir, chimney smokes so as a body can scarce bide in the house, and the blacks come down terrible."

"Wants sweeping," roared Humfrey, into his deaf ears.

"Have swept it, sir; old woman's been up with her broom."

"Old woman hasn't been high enough."

Send Jack up outside with a rope and a bunch of furze, and let her stand at bottom."

"That's it, sir!" cried the old man, with a triumphant snap of the fingers over his shoulder. "Thank ye!"

"Here's Miss Honor, John," and Honora came forward, her gravity somewhat shaken by the domestic offices of the old woman.

"I'm glad to see you still able to bring out the cows, John. Here's my favorite Daisy as tame as ever."

"Anan!" and he looked at his master for explanation from the stronger and more familiar voice. "I be deaf, you see, ma'am."

"Miss Honor is glad to see Daisy as tame as ever," shouted Humfrey.

"Ay! ay!" maundered on the old man; "she aint done no good of late, and Mr. West and I—us wanted to have fatted her this winter, but the squire, he wouldn't hear on it, because Miss Honor was such a terrible one for her. Says I, when I hears 'em say so, we shall have another dinner on the la-an, and the last was when the old squire was married, thirty-five years ago, come Michaelmas."

Honora was much disposed to laugh at this freak of the old man's fancy, but to her surprise, Humfrey colored up, and looked so much out of countenance that a question darted through her mind whether he could have any such step in contemplation, and she began to review the young ladies of the neighborhood, and to decide on each in turn that it would be intolerable to see her as Humfrey's wife; more at home at the Holt than herself. She had ample time for contemplation, for he had become very silent, and once or twice the presumptuous idea crossed her that he might be actually about to make her some confidence, but when he at length spoke, very near the house, it was only to say, "Honor, I wanted to ask you if you think your father would wish me to ask young Sandbrook here."

"Oh! thank you, I am sure he would be glad. You know poor Owen has nowhere to go, since his uncle has behaved so shamefully."

"It must have been a great mortification—"

"To Owen? Of course it was, to be so cast off for his noble purpose."

"I was thinking of old Mr. Sandbrook—"

"Old wretch! I've no patience with him!"

"Just as he has brought this nephew up

and hopes to make him useful, and rest some of his cares upon him in his old age, to find him flying off upon this fresh course, and disappointing all his hopes.

"But it is such a high and grand course, he ought to have rejoiced in it, and Owen is not his son."

"A man of his age, brought up as he has been, can hardly be expected to enter into Owen's views."

"Of course not. It is all sordid and mean, he cannot even understand the missionary spirit of resigning all. As Owen says half the Scripture must be hyperbole to him, and so he is beginning Owen's persecution already."

It was one of Humfrey's provoking qualities that no amount of eloquence would ever draw a word of condemnation from him, he would praise readily enough, but censure was very rare with him, and extenuation was always his first impulse, so the more Honora railed at Mr. Sandbrook's interference with his nephew's plans, the less satisfaction she received from him. She seemed to think that in order to admire Owen as he deserved, his uncle must be proportionably reviled, and though Humfrey did not imply a word save in commendation of the young missionary's devotion, she went indoors feeling almost injured at his not understanding it; but Honora's petulance was a very bright, sunny piquancy, and she only appeared the more glowing and animated for it when she presented herself at the breakfast table, with a preposterous country appetite.

Afterwards, she filled a vase very tastefully with her varieties of leaves, and enjoyed taking in her Cousin Sarah, who admired the leaves greatly while she thought they came from Mrs. Mervyn's hothouse; but when she found they were the product of her own furrows, voted them coarse, ugly, withered things, such as only the simplicity of a Londoner could bring into civilized society. So Honora stood over her gorgeous feathery bouquet, not knowing whether to laugh or to be scornful, till Humfrey, taking up the vase, inquired "May I have it for my study."

"Oh, yes! and welcome," said Honora, laughing, and shaking her glowing tresses at him, "I am thankful to any one who stands up for carrots."

Good-natured Humfrey, thought she, it is all that I may not be mortified; but after all

it is not those very good-natured people who best appreciate lofty actions. He is inviting Owen Sandbrook more because he thinks it would please papa, and because he compassionates him in his solitary lodgings, than because he feels the force of his glorious self-sacrifice.

The northern slope of the Holt was clothed with fir plantations, interspersed with narrow paths, which gave admission to the depths of their lonely woodland palace, supported on rudely straight columns, dark save for the snowy exuding gum, roofed in by aspiring beamlike arms, bearing aloft their long tufts of dark blue-green foliage, floored by the smooth, slippery, russet needle leaves as they fell, and perfumed by the peculiar fresh smell of turpentine. It was a still and lonely place, the very sounds making the silence more audible (if such an expression may be used), the wind whispering like the rippling waves of the sea in the tops of the pines, here and there the cry of a bird, or far, far away, the tinkle of the sheep bell, or the tone of the church clock, and of movement there was almost as little, only the huge horse ants soberly wending along their highways to their tall hillock thatched with pine leaves, or the squirrel in the ruddy, russet livery of the scene, racing from tree to tree, or sitting up with his feathery tail erect to extract with his delicate paws the seed from the base of the fir cone scale. Squirrels there lived to a good old age, till their plummy tails had turned white, for the squire's one fault in the eyes of keepers and gardeners was that he was soft-hearted towards "the varment."

A Canadian forest on a small scale, an extremely miniature scale indeed, but still Canadian forests are of pine, and the Holt plantation was fir, and firs were pines, and it was a lonely musing place, and so on one of the stillest, clearest days of "St. Luke's little summer," the last afternoon of her visit at the Holt, there stood Honora, leaning against a tree stem, deep, deep, very deep in a vision of the primeval woodlands of the West, their red inhabitants, and the white man who should carry the true, glad tidings westward, westward, ever from east to west. Did she know how completely her whole spirit and soul were surrendered to the worship of that devotion? Worship? Yes; the word is advisedly used; Honora had once given her spirit in homage to Schiller's self-sacrificing Max, the



same heart-whole veneration was now rendered to the young missionary, multiplied tenfold by the hero being in a tangible, visible shape, and not by any means inclined to thwart or disdain the allegiance of the golden-haired girl. Nay, as family connections frequently meeting, they had acted upon each others' minds more than either knew, even when the hour of parting had come, and words had been spoken which gave Honora something more to cherish in the image of Owen Sandbrook, than even the hero and saint. There then she stood and dreamt, pensive and saddened indeed, but with a melancholy trenching very nearly on happiness in the intensity of its admiration, and the vague ennobling future of devoted usefulness in which her heart already claimed to share, as her person might in some far away period on which she could not dwell.

A sound approached, a firm footstep, falling with strong elasticity and such regular cadences that it seemed to chime in with the pine-tree music, and did not startle her till it came so near that there was distinctive character to be discerned in the tread, and then with a strange, new shyness, she would have slipped away, but she had been seen, and Humfrey, with his timber race in his hand, appeared in the path, exclaiming, "Ah, Honor! is it you come out to meet me, like old times? You have been so much taken up with your friend Master Owen that I have scarcely seen you of late."

Honor did not move away, but she blushed deeply as she said, "I am afraid I did not come to meet you, Humfrey."

"No? What, you came for the sake of a brown study? I wish I had known you were not busy, for I have been round all the woods marking timber."

"Ah!" said she, rousing herself with some effort, "I wonder how many trees I should have saved from the slaughter. Did you go and condemn any of my pets?"

"Not that I know of," said Humfrey; "I have touched nothing near the house."

"Not even the old beech that was scathed with lightning? You know papa says that is the touchstone of influence; Sarah and Mr. West both against me," laughed Honora, quite restored to her natural manner and confiding ease.

"The beech is likely to stand as long as you wish it," said Humfrey, with an unac-

customed sort of matter-of-fact gravity, which surprised and startled her, so as to make her bethink herself whether she could have behaved ill about it, been saucy to Sarah, or the like.

"Thank you," she said; "have I made a fuss—"

"No, Honor," he said, with deliberate kindness, shutting up his knife, and putting it into his pocket; "only I believe it is time we should come to an understanding."

More than ever did she expect one of his kind remonstrances, and she looked up at him in expectation, and ready for defence, but his broad, sunburnt countenance looked marvellously heated, and he paused ere he spoke.

"I find I can't spare you, Honora, you had better stay at the Holt for good." Her cheeks flamed, and her heart galloped, but she could not let herself understand.

"Honor, you are old enough now, and I do not think you need fear. It is almost your home already, and I believe I can make you happy, with the blessing of God—" He paused, but as she could not frame an answer in her consternation, continued, "Perhaps I should not have spoken so suddenly, but I thought you would not mind me, I should like to have had one word from my little Honor before I go to your father, but don't if you had rather not."

"Oh! don't go to papa; please don't," she cried; "it would only make him sorry."

Humfrey stood as if under an unexpected shock.

"Oh! how came you to think of it?" she said in her distress; "I never did, and it can never be—I am so sorry!"

"Very well, my dear, do not grieve about it," said Humfrey, only bent on soothing her; "I dare say you are quite right, you are used to people in London much more suitable to you than a stupid, homely fellow like me, and it was a foolish fancy to think it might be otherwise. Don't cry, Honor dear; I can't bear that!"

"O Humfrey! only understand, please! You are the very dearest person in the world to me after papa and mamma, and as to fine London people, oh, no! indeed. But—"

"It is Owen Sandbrook; I understand," said Humfrey, gravely.

She made no denial.

"But Honor," he anxiously exclaimed, "you



are not going out in this wild way among the backwoods, it would break your mother's heart, and he is not fit to take care of you. I mean he cannot think of it now."

"Oh, no, no! I could not leave papa and mamma, but some time or other—"

"Is this arranged? Does your father know it?"

"O Humfrey, of course!"

"Then it is an engagement?"

"No," said Honora, sadly; "papa said I was too young, and he wished I had heard nothing about it. We are to go on as if nothing had happened, and I know they think we shall forget all about it! As if we could! Not that I wish it to be different. I know it would be wicked to desert papa and mamma when she is so unwell. The truth is, Humfrey," and her voice sank, "that it cannot be while they live."

"My poor little Honor!" he said in a tone of the most unselfish compassion.

She had entirely forgotten his novel aspect, and only thought of him as the kindest friend to whom she could open her heart.

"Don't pity me," she said in exultation; "think what it is to be *his* choice. Would I have him give up his aims, and settle down on the loveliest village in England? No, indeed; for then it would not be Owen! I am happier in the thought of him than I could be with every thing present to enjoy."

"I hope you will continue to find it so," he said, repressing a sigh.

"I should be ashamed of myself if I did not," she continued with glistening eyes. "Should not I have patience to wait while he is at his real glorious labor? And as to home, that's not altered, only better and brighter for the definite hope and aim that will go through every thing, and make me feel all I do a preparation."

"Yes, you know him well," said Humfrey; "you saw him constantly when he was at Westminster."

"Oh, yes, and always! Why, Humfrey, it is my great glory and pleasure to feel that he formed me! When he went to Oxford, he brought me home all the thoughts that have been my better life. All my dearest books we read together, and what used to look dry and cold gained light and life after he touched it."

"Yes, I see."

His tone reminded her of what had passed,

and she said, timidly, "I forgot! I ought not! I have vexed you, Humfrey."

"No," he said in his full, tender voice; "I see that it was in vain to think of competing with one of so much higher claims. If he goes on in the course he has chosen, yours will have been a noble choice, Honor, and I believe," he added, with a sweetness of smile that almost made her forgive the *if*, "that you are one to be better pleased so than with more ordinary happiness. I have no doubt it is all right."

"Dear Humfrey, you are so good!" she said, struck with his kind resignation, and utter absence of acerbity in his disappointment.

"Forget this, Honora," he said, as they were coming to the edge of the pine wood; "let us be as we were before."

Honora gladly promised, and except her wonder at such a step on the part of the cousin whose plaything and pet she had hitherto been, she had no temptation to change her manner. She loved him as much as ever, but only as a kind, elder brother, and she was glad he was wise enough to see his immeasurable inferiority to the young missionary. It was a wonderful thing, and she was sorry for his disappointment; but, after all, he took it so quietly that she did not think it could have hurt him much. It was only that he wanted to keep his pet in the country. He was not capable of love like Owen Sandbrook's.

Years passed on. Rumor had bestowed Mr. Charlecote of Hiltonbury, on every lady within twenty miles, but still in vain. His mother was dead, his sister married to an old college fellow, who had waited half a lifetime for a living, but still he kept house alone.

And open house it was, with a dinner table ever expanding for chance guests, strawberry or syllabub feasts half the summer, and Christmas feasts extending wide on either side of the twelve days. Every one who wanted a holiday was free of the Holt; young sportsmen tried their inexperienced guns under the squire's patient eye; and mammas disposed of their children for weeks together, to enjoy the run of the house and garden, and rides according to age, on pony, donkey, or Mr. Charlecote. No festivity in the neighborhood was complete without his sunshiny presence; he was wanted wherever there was any family event; and was godfather, guardian, friend,

and adviser of all. Every one looked on him as a sort of exclusive property, yet he had room in his heart for all. As a magistrate, he was equally indispensable in county government, and a charity must be undeserving indeed that had not Humfrey Charlecote, Esq., on the committee. In his own parish he was a beneficent monarch; on his own estate a mighty farmer, owning that his relaxation and delight were his turnips, his bullocks, and machines; and so content with them, and with his guests, that Honora never recollected that walk in the pine woods without deciding that to have monopolized him would have been an injury to the public, and perhaps less for his happiness than this free, open-hearted bachelor life. Seldom did she recall that scene to mind, for she had never been by it rendered less able to trust him as her friend and protector, and she stood in need of his services and his comfort, when her father's death had left him the nearest relative, who could advise or transact business for her and her mother. Then, indeed, she leant on him as on the kindest and most helpful of brothers.

Mrs. Charlecote was too much acclimatized to the city to be willing to give up her old residence, and Honor not only loved it fondly, but could not bear to withdraw from the local charities where her tasks had hitherto lain; and Woolstone Lane, therefore, continued their home, though the summer and autumn usually took them out of London.

Such was the change in Honora's outward life. How was it with that inmost shrine where dwelt her heart and soul? A copious letter-writer, Owen Sandbrook's correspondence never failed to find its way to her, though they did not stand on such terms as to write to one another; and in those letters she lived, doing her day's work with cheerful brightness, and seldom seeming pre-occupied, but imagination, heart, and soul were with his mission.

Very indignant was she when the authorities, instead of sending him to the interesting children of the forests, thought proper to waste him on mere colonists, some of them Yankee, some Presbyterian Scots. He was asked insolent, nasal questions, his goods were coolly treated as common property, and it was intimated to him on all hands that as Englishman he was little in their eyes, as clergyman

less, and as gentleman least of all. Was this what he had sacrificed every thing for?

By dint of strong complaints and entreaties, after he had quarrelled with most of his flock, he accomplished an exchange into a district where red men formed the chief of his charge; and Honora was happy, and watched for histories of noble braves, gallant hunters, and meek-eyed squaws.

Slowly, slowly she gathered that the picturesque deer skins had become dirty blankets, and that the diseased, filthy, sophisticated savages were among the worst of the pitiable specimens of the effect of contact with the most evil side of civilization. To them, as Owen wrote, a missionary was only a white man who gave no brandy, and the rest of his parishioners were their obdurate, greedy, trading tempters! It had been a shame to send him to such a hopeless set, when there were others on whom his toils would not be thrown away. However, he should do his best.

And Honora went on expecting the wonders his best would work, only the more struck with admiration by hearing that the locality was a swamp of luxuriant vegetation, and equally luxuriant fever and ague; and the letter he wrote thence to her mother on the news of their loss did her more good than all Humfrey's considerate kindness.

Next, he had had the ague, and had gone to Toronto for change of air. Report spoke of Mr. Sandbrook as the most popular preacher who had appeared in Toronto for years, attracting numbers to his pulpit, and sending them away enraptured by his power of language. How beautiful that a man of such talents, always so much stimulated by appreciation, should give up all this most congenial scene, and devote himself to his obscure mission!

Report said more, but Honora gave it no credit till old Mr. Sandbrook called one morning in Woolstone Lane, by his nephew's desire, to announce to his friends that he had formed an engagement with Miss Charteris, the daughter of a general officer there in command.

Honor sat out all the conversation; and Mrs. Charlecote did not betray her, though burning with a mother's wrath, she did nothing worse than hope they would be happy.

Yet Honor had not dethroned the monarch

of her imagination. She reiterated to herself and to her mother that she had no ground of complaint, that it had been understood that the past was to be forgotten, and that Owen was far more worthily employed than in dwelling on them. No blame could attach to him, and it was wise to choose one accustomed to the country and able to carry out his plans. The personal feeling might go, but veneration survived.

Mrs. Charlecote never rested till she had learnt all the particulars. It was a dashing, fashionable family, and Miss Charteris had been the gayest of the gay, till she had been impressed by Mr. Sandbrook's ministrations. From pope to lover, Honor knew how easy the transition; but she zealously nursed her admiration for the beauty, exchanging her gayeties for the forest missions, she made her mother write cordially, and send out a pretty gift, and treated as a personal affront all reports of the Charteris disapprobation, and of the self-will of the young people. They were married, and the next news that Honora heard was, that the old general had had a fit from passion; thirdly, came tidings that the eldest son, a prosperous M.P., had not only effected a reconciliation, but had obtained a capital living for Mr. Sandbrook, not far from the family-seat.

Mrs. Charlecote declared that her daughter should not stay in town to meet the young couple, and Honora's resistance was not so much dignity, as a feverish spirit of opposition, which succumbed to her sense of duty, but not without such wear and tear of strained cheerfulness and suppressed misery, that when at length her mother had brought her away, the fatigue of the journey completed the work, and she was prostrated for weeks by low fever. The blow had fallen. He had put his hand to the plough and looked back. Faithlessness towards herself had been passed over unrecognized, faithlessness towards his self-consecration was quite otherwise. That which had absorbed her affections and adoration had proved an unstable, excitable being! Alas! would that long ago she had opened her eyes to the fact that it was her own lofty spirit, not his steadfastness, which had first kept it out of the question that the mission should be set aside for human love. The crash of her idolatry was the greater because

it had been so highly pitched, so closely intermingled with the true worship. She was long ill, the past series of disappointments telling when her strength was reduced: and for many a week she would lie still and dreamy, but fretted and wearied so as to control herself with difficulty when in the slightest degree disturbed, or called upon to move or think. When her strength returned under her mother's tender nursing, the sense of duty revived. She thought her youth utterly gone, with the thinning of her hair and the wasting of her cheeks, but her mother must be the object of her care and solicitude, and she would exert herself for her sake, to save her grief, and hide the wound left by the rending away of the jewel of her heart. So she set herself to seem to like whatever her mother proposed, and she acted her interest so well that insensibly it became real. After all, she was but four-and-twenty, and the fever had served as an expression of the feeling that would have its way: she had had a long rest which had relieved the sense of pent-up and restrained suffering, and vigor and buoyancy were a part of her character; her tone and manner resumed their cheerfulness, her spirits came back, and though still with the dreary feeling that the hope and aim of life were gone, when she was left to her own musings; she was little changed, and went on with daily life, contented and lively over the details, and returning to her interest in reading, in art, poetry, and in all good works, while her looks resumed their brightness, and her mother congratulated herself once more on the rounded cheek and profuse curls.

At the year's end Humfrey Charlecote renewed his proposal. It was no small shock to find herself guilty of his having thus long remained single, and she was touched by his kind forbearance, but there was no bringing herself either to love him, or to believe that he loved her, with such love as had been her vision. The image around which she had bound her heartstrings came between him and her, and again she begged his pardon and told him she liked him too well as he was to think of him in any other light. Again he, with the most tender patience and humility, asked her to forgive him for having harassed her, and betrayed so little chagrin that she ascribed his offer to generous compassion at her desertion.

From The North British Review.

1. *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect; with a Dissertation and Glossary.* By William Barnes. Second Edition. London, 1847. 8vo.
2. *Homely Rhymes. A Second Collection of Poems in the Dorset Dialect.* By William Barnes. London, 1859. 8vo.
3. *The Burns Centenary Poems. A Collection of Fifty of the Best out of many Hundreds written on occasion of the Centenary Celebration.* Selected and Edited by George Anderson and John Finlay. Glasgow, 1859. 8vo.

MR. WILLIAM BARNES is a Dorsetshire clergyman, who appears to consider that his forte lies in philology and antiquarianism, and to be endowed with a naive ignorance of the fact that he is one of our very first poets. To this ignorance we perhaps owe no small part of the singular charm which delights us in his writings. There is no other living writer in whom an equal amount of artistic faculty is combined with so great a freedom from all species of artifice. At the risk of debauching this simplicity of mind in the poet, we feel bound as critics to do our best towards preventing our readers from remaining in a similar ignorance of the value of his poetry. Are "Quarterly Reviewers" always to follow the lead of the popular cry, and the voices of the minor periodicals, instead of boldly assuming the responsibility of being themselves leaders of literary opinion? We have more than once shown that such is not our view of our duties. We now speak our mind about Mr. Barnes just as openly as if his poetry had already attained that popular admiration to which our readers, before they shall have finished this article, will agree with us that it is surely destined.

The honor and pleasure of being probably the first to introduce the poetry of Mr. Barnes to the notice of the majority of our readers, would certainly not have devolved upon us at this time of day, and after much of that poetry has been already many years before the world, were it not for one or two circumstances, which it seems necessary to point out, in order to account for the hitherto limited audience obtained by the Dorsetshire poet.

The fact that the poems are composed in a dialect which, however simply and "phonetically" spelt, must still offer a slight difficulty, at the outset, to their comprehension, would

alone go far towards explaining the little notice which Mr. Barnes has hitherto obtained from the public. But the poet, until the appearance of his last volume, which is only just out, and which is comparatively easy to read, has done his very best to aggravate this obstacle to his reputation. For example, because the Dorset dialect is more nearly allied to the ancient Anglo-Saxon than our present ordinary language is, Mr. Barnes has thought proper to assimilate his orthography to the Anglo-Saxon so far as to employ the Anglo-Saxon sign for the *th*, with the result that, to the ordinary reader, the first glance at one of his pages is fatal to any further attempt. This, and other antiquarian self-indulgences, Mr. Barnes has most wisely denied himself in his new volume; and the consequence already is, that his name has, in a few months, established itself in the most select private literary circles, as that of a first-rate poet. In this last volume, which is called "Homely Rhymes," the dialect, after half an hour's acquaintance with it, is nothing but an additional charm. For, not to speak of the pleasing freshness and mental excitement which accompany the perusal of even ordinary ideas and descriptions in a language or dialect to which we are comparatively unused, there is a real poetic superiority in the dialect of the south-western counties of England, for subjects of a simple rural character, which fully justifies Mr. Barnes in his admiration and adoption of this form of English.

Mr. Barnes has intensified, in his earlier volume, the above causes of unpopularity by giving that publication a distinctly and avowedly antiquarian air. The publisher, Mr. John Russell Smith, is an antiquarian publisher; and before the reader is allowed a sip of the "pure well of Dorset undefiled," he is expected to wade through fifty pages of dry philological dissertation.

We have said enough to explain, though not to justify, the people's hitherto neglect of so remarkable a poet as we shall now show Mr. Barnes to be.

We cannot, in few words, express the general character of this gentleman's poetry better than by saying that it combines, in a high degree, the special merits of Wordsworth and Burns, but in a way which is so perfectly original as to bear no trace of even a perusal of those poets by the author.



Indeed, we have never before read verses of which it was so hard to trace the artistic pedigree. But for that fulness of artistic beauty which seems never to have been attained at a leap and without precedent, we should say that all Mr. Barnes' poetry might have been written by him had no other poet ever lived. There is, however, no oddity or straining after originality. Nothing can be more simple, straightforward, and unaffected. These verses are down to the comprehension of the simplest rustic, and up to the requirements of the most fastidious and novelty-seeking critic. Let us hear the writer's own account of his purpose in writing:—

"The author thinks his readers will find his poems free of slang and vice, as they are written from the associations of an early youth that was passed among rural families in a secluded part of the country, upon whose sound Christian principles, kindness, and harmless cheerfulness, he can still think with complacency; and he hopes that if his little work should fall into the hands of a reader of that class in whose language it is written, it would not be likely to damp his love of God, or slacken the tone of his moral sentiment, or lower the dignity of his self-esteem; as his intention is not to show up the simplicity of rural life as an object of sport, but to utter the happy emotions with which the mind can, and he thinks should, contemplate the charms of rural nature, and the better feelings and more harmless joys of the families of the small farmhouse and happy cottage. As he has not written for readers who have had their lots cast in town occupations of a highly civilized community, and cannot sympathize with the rustic mind, he can hardly hope that they will understand either his poems or his intention; since, with the not uncommon notion that every change from the plough towards the desk, or from the desk towards the couch of empty-handed idleness, is an onward step towards happiness and intellectual and moral excellence, they will most likely find it very hard to conceive that wisdom and goodness would be found speaking in a dialect that may seem to them a fit vehicle only for the animal wants and passions of a boor. The author, however, is not ashamed to say, that after reading some of the best compositions of many of the most polished languages, he can contemplate its pure and strong Saxon features with perfect satisfaction, and has often found the simple truths enunciated in the pithy sentences of village patriarchs only expanded by the weaker worldliness of modern composition into high-sounding paragraphs."

Mr. Barnes, in his first volume, fulfilled the *essentials* of the kind of popularity he here professes to seek, as completely as he succeeded in nullifying those essentials by the outward conditions of which we have complained. We take the liberty of earnestly urging upon him the propriety, in future editions of his first collection, of popularizing his orthography to an even greater extent than he has done in the "*Hwomely Rhymes*;" for he has no right to do any thing that unnecessarily limits poetry of such universal interest and application to a local audience.

The tender and profound reflective element in Mr. Barnes' poetry, which detects moral beauty in unsuspected places, and expresses it in a way to touch all hearts, is well illustrated by the conclusion of the following little poem, called "*Readen ov a head-stone*." It will remind our readers at once of Wordsworth's famous "*We are seven*," to which it is scarcely, if at all, inferior either in beauty or originality.

"As I wer readen ov a stwone  
In Grenley church-yard all alone,  
A little maid runn'd up wi' pride  
To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide  
A bunch o' bennits that did hide  
A vess her faether, as she zed,  
Put up above her mother's head,  
To tell how much 'e lov'd her.

"The vess wer very good, but shart,  
I stood an' larn'd en off by heart:—  
'Mid God, dear Miary, gi'e me greace  
To vind, like thee, a better place,  
Wher I oonce muore mid zee the feace;  
An' bring thy children up to know  
His word, that they mid come an' show  
Thy soul how much I lov'd thee.'

"'Wher's faether, then,' I zed, 'my chile?'  
'Dead, too,' she answer'd wi' a smile;  
'An' I an' brother Jim da bide  
At Beky White's, o' other zide  
O' road.' 'Mid He, my chile,' I cried,  
'That's Faether to the faetherless,  
Become thy faether now, an' bless,  
An' keep and lend and love thee.'

"Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,  
Still He dont let the thoughts o't touch  
Her litsome heart by day ar night;  
An' zoo, if we cood take it right,  
Da show he'll miake his burdens light,  
To weaker souls, an' that His smile  
Is sweet upon a harmless chile,  
When they be dead that lov'd it."

How admirable is this discovery and poetical expression of a beneficent law of our nature, in what would have appeared to a vulgar



writer nothing but childish fickleness and poverty of affection!

Mr. Barnes is the best writer of rustic eclogues since Theocritus. His pieces in this kind are almost too exquisite in their artistic simplicity and truthfulness to be widely appreciated at once. The following called "Father come huome," is only an average specimen of many gems of the same kind in Mr. Barnes' volumes:—

"CHILE.

"O mother, mother! be the tiaties done?  
Here's father now a comen down the track,  
'E got his nitch o' wood upon his back,  
An' sich a speaker in en! I'll be boun'  
E's long enough to reach vrom groun'  
Up to the top ov ouer tun; \*  
'Tis jist the very thing var Jack an' I  
To goo a colepecksen † wi', by an by.

"WIFE.

"The tiaties must be ready pirty nigh;  
Do tiake oone up upon the fark an' try.  
The kiake upon the vier, too, 's a-burnen,  
I be afeard: do run an' zee, an' turn en.

"JOHN.

"Well, mother, here I be oonce muore at huome.

"WIFE.

"Ah, I be very glad ya be a-come.  
Ya be a-tired an' cuold enough I s'pose.  
Zit down, an' rest yer buones an' warm yer  
nose.

"JOHN.

"Why I be nippy: what is ther to eat?

"WIFE.

"Yer supper's nearly ready. I've a-got  
Some tiaties here a-doen in the pot;  
I wish wi' all my heart I had some meat.  
I got a little kiake too, here, a-beaken o'n  
Upon the vier. 'Tis done by this time,  
though.  
'E's nice an' moist; var when I wer a-miaken  
o'n,  
I stuck some bits of apple in the dozgh.

"CHILE.

"Well, father, what d'ye think? The pig got  
out  
This marnen, an' avore we zeed ar heard en,  
'E runn'd about an' got into the giarden,  
An' routed up the groun' zoo wi' his snout!

"JOHN.

"Now only think o' that! You must contrive  
To keep en in, ar else he'll never thrive.

"CHILE.

"An' father, what d'ye think? I voun' to-day  
The nest wher thik wold hen ov our's da lay:  
'Twer out in archet hedge, an' had five aggs.

"WIFE.

"Lo'k there: how wet ya got yer veet an' laggs!  
How did ye get in such a pickle, Jahn?

\* *Tun*, chimney.

† *Colepecksen*, to beat down apples.

"JOHN.

"I broke my hoss,\* an' ben a-fuossed to stan'  
Al's da in mud an' water var to dig,  
An, made myzelf so watshod as a pig.

"CHILE.

"Father, tiake off yer shoes, an' gi'e 'em to I;  
Here be yer wold oones var ye, nice an' dry.

"WIFE.

"An' have ye got much hedgen muore to do?

"JOHN.

"Enough to leste var drie weeks muore ar zoo.

"WIFE.

"An' when y'ave done the job ya be about,  
D'ye think ya'll have another vound ye out?

"JOHN.

"O ees, there'll be some muore: when I doone  
that,  
I got a job o' trenchen to goo at;  
An' then zome trees to shroud, an' wood to  
vell,—  
Zoo I do hope to rub on pirty well  
Till zummer time; an' then I be to cut  
The wood, and do the trenchen by the tut.†

"CHILE.

"An' nex' week, father, I be gwian to goo  
A-picken stuones, ya know, var Farmer True.

"WIFE.

"An' little Jack, ya know, is gwian to yarn  
A penny too, a-keepen birds off' carn.

"JOHN.

"O brave! what wages do er mean to gi'e?

"WIFE.

"She dreppence var a day, an' twopence he.

"JOHN.

"Well, Polly; thee must work a little spracker  
When thee bist out, ar else thee wu'ten pick  
A dung-pot luoad o' stuones up in a wi'k.

"CHILE.

"Oh, ees I sholl. But Jack da want a  
clacker; ‡  
An' father, wull ye tiake an' cut  
A stick ar two to miake his hut.

"JOHN.

"Ya little wench! why, thee bist always baggen.  
I be too tired now to-night, I'm sure,  
To zet a-doen any muore;  
Zoo I shall goo up out o' the woy o' the  
waggon."

Fatigued, as we critics are, with a school of  
poetry which is satisfied with a poem only on  
condition of its being one galaxy of "striking  
lines," how can we be sufficiently grateful to  
Mr. Barnes for having given us many pieces  
which, like the above, are fine poems without  
having a single "poetical idea" in them?

\* *Hoss*, horse; the name given to the plank used  
by hedgers to stand upon.

† To work by the *tut* is to work by the *piece*.

‡ *Clacker*, a rattle for keeping birds from corn.

Furthermore, how can society thank him enough for the far nobler work of having made the British laboring classes, for the first time, really interesting, from an imaginative and poetical point of view? Wordsworth failed in his systematic endeavor to do this; and, in Burns' poetry of the same kind, there is too frequently a protesting tone against the higher orders to allow of its being at all equal, in *this respect*, to the poetry of Mr. Barnes, who is as wide in his sympathies as he is genial. Among the many beauties of the foregoing eclogue, we beg our readers to notice the truth and power with which the rustic satisfaction in the prospect of plenty of work is given; the strong yet delicate touch by which gratitude to Heaven is expressed in the question of the wife:—

"An' when y've done the job ya be about,  
D'ye think ya'll have another vound ye out?"

the similar force and delicacy with which John's combined vexation and good-nature are given, in his answer to the news that the pig had got loose:—

"Now only think o' that! You must contrive  
To keep him in, or else he'll never thrive;"

the admirable way in which the weariness and good temper of the laborer and the diligence of the wife to please him are thrown into dramatic relief by the words of the child, always concerned with itself; and, finally, the rhythmical beauty of the last lines, and the appropriateness and quaintness of the proverbial sentence with which the whole poem ends. But this, like all Mr. Barnes' poems, does not depend upon excellences of detail, so much as upon the absolute truth, simplicity, and *humanity* of the general tenor. We trust that Mr. Barnes is wrong in supposing that his poetry is unfitted to delight "readers who have had their lots cast in town occupations of a highly civilized community," and in thinking that such persons "cannot sympathize with the rural mind." We believe that he is destined to find the majority and the most heartily sympathetic of his readers among such persons. We can assure him that we have found his poetry admired among our acquaintances, in precise proportion to the height and urban character of their culture. And this is natural enough. Who like a Londoner for appreciating a whiff of country air? And, in these poems, we have not only the country itself described in touches of truth and tenderness scarcely rivalled by

any modern poet, but, what is infinitely more refreshing to the metropolitan mind, the very life of rustic humanity, expressed with such surprising truthfulness that the slightest incident becomes interesting. One eclogue is the quarrel of a couple of haymakers as to which of them can do most work in the day; another is the talk of three or four rustics during the process of getting a loaded wagon out of a rut; another discusses the threatened inclosure of the common; a fourth contains the enumeration of the various accidents by which the teeth of a hay-rake have disappeared: and so on. To have made such subjects interesting *without falsifying them*, as all other rural poets in modern times have done, is a proof of high poetical power. But to such subjects Mr. Barnes has by no means restricted himself. We have love eclogues, and even political eclogues. The question of the ballot itself "moves harmonious numbers." Mr. Barnes, we find, is no Radical or Chartist, though eminently a poet of the people.

"TOM.

"Ay, ay. But we wou'd have a better plan  
O' voten, than the oone we got. A man,  
As things be now, ya know, can't goo an'  
vote  
Agen another man, but he must know't.  
We'll have a box an' bals, var voten men  
To pop ther han's 'ithin, ya know; an' then,  
If oone dont happen var to like a man,  
'E'll drap a little black bal vrom his han'  
An' zend en huome agen. 'E woont be led  
To choose a man to tiake away his bread.

"JOHN.

"But if a man ya wou'den like to 'front,  
Shood chance to cal upon ye, Tom, soome  
dae,  
An' ax ye var yer vote, what cood ye zae?  
Why if ya wou'den answer, ar shood grunt  
Ar bark, he'd know ya mean'd 'I won't.'  
To promise oone a vote an' not to gi'e 't,  
Is but to be a liar and a cheat.  
An' then bezides, when he did count the  
balls,  
An' vind white promises wer hafe turn'd  
black,  
Why then he'd think the voters al a pack  
O' rogues to-gither."

When Mr. Barnes represents rustic lovers, he does not put fine ladies into cotton gowns, and fine gentlemen into corduroy, and set them to talk modern sentiment in delicate phraseology; but he gives us the people themselves, with their rough and bold speech and manners, and the strong and simple current of their homely passions.

All the love-poetry, of which there is abundance in Mr. Barnes' volumes, is as pure as it is hearty, and, as must be the case with all good love-poetry, it is sometimes exquisitely subtle. There is admirable grace, tenderness, and psychological truth about the following lines. The lover meets his sweet-heart coming from milking:—

"An' zo I took her pail, and left  
Her neck a-freed vrom all its heft;  
*An' she, a-looken up and down*  
*Wi' sheaply head an' glossy crown,*  
Then took my zide, an' kept my pace,  
*A-talken on wi' smilen face,*  
*An' zetten things in sich a light,*  
*I'd fain ha' heard her talk all night;*  
An' when I brought her milk avore  
The geate, she took it into door,  
*An' if her pail had but allow'd*  
*Her head to vail, she would ha' bow'd;*  
An' still, a'twer, I had the sight  
*Of her sweet smile, droughtout the night."*

Mr. Barnes' poetry is, above all things, human. The objects of external nature are interesting to him chiefly in connection with human associations; and the consequence is, that, when he does describe them, it is with a depth and delicacy far beyond the capacity of the best word-painters who at present almost monopolize the field of poetry. Let us string together a few specimens of the innumerable brief and forcible descriptions which Mr. Barnes scatters around his main themes with a most delightful unconsciousness of their poetic value. Here is a landscape:—

"Though cool avore the sheenèn sky  
Do vail the shades below the copse,  
The timber-trees, a-reachen high,  
Ha' zunsheen on their lofty tops,  
*Where yonder land's a-lyen plow'd*  
*An' red below the snow-white cloud,*  
*An' vlocks o' pitchèn rooks do vould*  
*Their wings to walk upon the mvoid."*

Here are cows coming up to milking, and

"a-flingen  
Wide-bow'd horns, or slowly swingen  
Right an' left their tufty tails,  
As they do goo a-huddled droo  
The geate a-leaden up vrom river."

A girl at work is thus described:—

"The air 'ithin the gearden wall  
Wer deadlly still, unless the bee  
Did hummy by, or in the hall  
The clock did ring a-hetten dree;  
An' there, wi' busy hands, inside  
The iron ceasement open'd wide,  
Did zit and pull wi' nimble twitch  
Her tiny stitch, young Fanny Deane."

Here are some of the sights which gladden a shepherd's life:—

"An' I da zee the friskèn lam's,  
Wi' swingen tails and woolly lags,  
A-playen roun' their feeden dams,  
An' pullen o' their milky bags.  
An' I, bezide a hawtharn tree,  
Da zit upon the zunny down,  
While shiades o' zummer clouds da vlee  
Wi' silent flight along the groun'.  
An' there, among the many cries  
O' sheep an' lam's, my dog da pass  
A zultry hour, wi' blinken eyes,  
An' nose a-stratch'd upon the grass.  
But, in a twinklen, at my word  
He's all awake, an' up an' gone  
Out roun' the sheep like any bird,  
To do what he's a-zent upon."

Here is part of a farmer's account of his "fitting" on "Liady Day," and how he

"Borrow'd uncle's wold hoss Dragon  
To bring the slowly lumbren waggon  
An' luoad: an' vust begun a-packen  
The bedsteads, wi' their ropes an' sacken;  
An' vier-dogs, an' copper kittle,  
Wi' crocks an' sassspans big an' little;  
An' fryen-pan, var aggs to slide  
In butter roun' its hissèn zide,  
An' gridire's even bars, to bear  
The drippen steak above the gliare  
O' brightly-glowen coals. An' then,  
All up o' top o' they agen,  
The woaken board, wher we eat  
Our crust o' bread or bit o' meat,—  
Var he ther wou'd'en bee noo doen  
'thout at all . . .  
An' then we laid the wold clock-kiase,  
All dumb, athirt upon his fiae,  
Var we'd a-left, I needen tell ye,  
Noo works 'ithin his head or belly.

\* \* \* \* \*  
An' beds an' other things bezide,  
An' at the very top a-tied,  
The children's little stools did lie,  
Wi' lags a-turned towards the sky."

Mr. Barnes is never happier than when he treats of the so seldom happily treated subjects of love for wife and children. Almost all the poetry we have ever read on this subject is obviously insincere. The writers think they ought to love wife and children, and therefore make loud metrical professions, which have none of the infallible signs of being the truth. One of these signs is subtlety of observation. Love alone can give the depth and refinement of perception which appears in such phrases as

"An' as our chile in loose-limb'd rest  
Lay pale upon her mother's breast."

And again,

"When sweet-breath'd children's hangen heads  
Be laid wi' kisses on their beds."

Another of these signs is the habit of dwelling upon little acts of love which are too insignificant for pretentious professors of the domestic affections to see any thing in, as

"The while their mother's needle sped,  
Too quick for zight, the snow-white thread,  
Unless her han', wi' loven ceare,  
Did smoothe their little heads o' heair."

No stray passages, however, can do justice to the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Barnes' poetry. In a truly original poet, it is sometimes very difficult to point out what it is which constitutes the quality of originality. It is most usually a prevailing tone, which only makes itself felt from the perusal of a great deal of his poetry. As it is not the highest kind of human character which develops itself in the course of half-an-hour's talk with a stranger, so it is not the worthiest species of originality which gives to every passage of poetry an individuality so decided as to be appreciable by a reader who is acquainted with that only. The tender and hearty domesticity, which is the chief charm of these poems, makes itself felt in a thousand little touches, which are separately, of little apparent significance. The following piece, called "The Bachelor," will perhaps give our readers as good a notion of the quality of Mr. Barnes' lyrics as any other:—

"THE BACHELOR.

"No! I dont begrudge en his life  
Nor his goold, nor his housen, nor lands;  
Teake all o't, and gi'e me my wife,  
A wife's be the cheapest ov hands.

Lie alwone! sigh alwone! die alwone!

Then be vorgot.

No, I be coantent wi' my lot.

"Ah! where be the vingers so feair,  
Vor to pat en so soft on the feace,  
To mend every stitch that do tear,  
An' keep every button in pleace?

Crack a-tore! brack a-tore! back a-tore!

Buttons a-vled!

Vor want ov a wife wi' her dred.

"Ah! where is the sweet pirty head  
That do nod till he's gone out o' zight?  
An' where be the white earms a-spread,  
To show en he's welcome at night?

Dine alwone! pine alwone! whine alwone!

Oh! what a life!

I'll have a freind in a wife.

"An' when vrom a meeten o' me'th  
Each husban' do lead hwome his bride,  
Then he do slink hwome to his he'th,  
Wi' his earm hangen down his cold zide.  
Slinken on! blinken on! thinken on!

Gloomy an' glum!

Nothen but dullness to come.

"An' when 'e do onlock his door,  
Do rumble as hollar's a drum,  
An' the vearies a-hid roun' the vloor,  
Do grin vor to zee en so glum.  
Keep alwone! sleep alwone! weep alwone!

There let en bide,

I'll have a wife at my zide.

"But when he's a-laid on his bed  
In a zickness, oh, what wull he do!  
Vor the hands that would lift up his head,  
An' sheake up his pillor anew.  
Ills to come! pills to come! bills to come!  
No soul to sheare

The trials the poor wratch must bear."

Mr. Barnes is rich in a quality which is sadly wanting in almost all contemporary poets—we mean, humor; but our extracts have already extended too far to allow of our giving more than one brief touch. A rustic is talking to another about a certain great yew-tree:—

"No, 'tis long years agone, bnt do linger as clear

In my mind though as if I'd a-heard it to year.

When King George wer' in Do'set, an' showed his round feace

By our very own doors, and our very own pleace,

That he look'd at this yew-tree, an' nodded his head,

An' 'e zaid,—an' I'll tell ye the words that 'e zaid:—

'I'll be bound, if you'll search my dominions all drew,

That you woon't vind the fellor to thik there wold yew.' "

Mr. Barnes' poems are all such as a clergyman should have written; but there is, notwithstanding, a singular absence of didactic character or clerical tone. The verses abound in excellent morality, but it is always clothed in wit, humor, and poetic sentiment. For example:—

"There's noo good o' goold, but to buy what 'ull meake

Vor happiness here among men;

An' who would gi'e happiness up vor the seake

O' zome money to buy it agean?

Vor 'twould seem to the eyes ov a man that is wise,

Lik' money vor money,

Or zellen oone's money to buy zome'hat sweet."

It is with regret that we part with Mr. Barnes, whose poetry, we are sure will recommend itself peculiarly to readers on this side of the Tweed; for it resembles the poetry of our great national poet more nearly than that of any other English poet does. We must,

however, reserve a little space for another volume which stands at the head of this article; namely, the collection of poems selected from the six hundred and odd which were sent in for the prize offered by the Crystal Palace Company, on occasion of the Burns Anniversary. We confess that we have not been able to rival the patience of the umpires in the perusal of these pieces, of which a single stanza or couplet is usually enough to convince the reader that all which follows is respectable mediocrity. We should probably not have noticed this volume at all but for the opening piece, which is remarkable in itself, and is really extraordinary when we become aware of what we are not informed by the editor of the volume,—that the author is a boy who is at this moment at school, being, we believe, still under seventeen years of age. The Crystal Palace judges, we are told in the preface, considered this poem, by Mr. W. H. Myers, “so nearly equal to the prize poem, that they had considerable difficulty in deciding between them.” The truth is, that this poem, *as poetry*, is far better than the prize poem; but the judges were nevertheless right in favoring that of Miss Isa Craig, as being more suitable for recitation to a popular assembly. Since the days of Chatterton, probably, no boy of seventeen has equalled the following verses:—

“O silent shapes athwart the darkening sky!  
Magnificent of many-folded hills,  
Where the dead mist hangs and the lone  
hawks cry,  
Seam’d with the white fall of a thousand  
rills;  
O lucid lakes serene from shore to shore,  
With promontories set of solemn pines,

Broad mirrors which the pale stars tremble  
o’er,  
Deep-drawn among the misty mountain  
lines;  
O tale of martyrs by the flickering sod!  
O righteous race, in steadfast toil sublime!  
O noblest poem, ‘Let us worship God!’  
Ye taught him . . .

“Nor scorns he such delight, whose heart and  
eye  
Are tempered to the truth of poesy,  
Nor following baser natures, would degrade  
Aught from that honor which the Eternal  
made;  
Nor ranks this frame the soul’s offence,  
Nor lovely form the slave of sense;  
But knowing good is beauty, hath believed  
Beauty is also good, nor oft deceived;  
Yet such a surge of life his pulses fills,  
And so abounding passion through him  
thrills,  
That with fierce cries for sympathy,  
With longing and with agony,  
The glory of his thought goes forth to greet  
All fair, though unregarding he shall meet,  
And oft with price the mean endues,  
The ignoble holds for rare;  
And wooing bright imagined hues  
A phantom loveliness pursues,  
But knows too late an equal elsewhere.

“So in deep ambrosial night  
Falls a star from heaven’s height;  
Mad for earth, a sliding spark  
Down the deadness of the dark,  
Falleth, findeth his desire,  
Loseh his celestial fire,  
Quench’d to iron, like his love,  
For her face is fair above,  
But within her heart is stone,  
Adamant and chalcedon.

“O great heart, by low passions awayed,  
O high soul, by base cares assay’d,  
O silence, silence, never to be broken,  
Till some dread word from the white throne  
be spoken!”

We have to record the death, on the 10th Sept., of Dr. Thomas Nuttall, at his residence, Nutgrove, St. Helens, Lancashire, at the age of seventy-three. He was born in Yorkshire, brought up a printer, and emigrated to the United States in the latter part of the last century. He devoted his leisure time to the study

of botany and geology, published the “Genera of North American Plants,” “The Birds of the United States,” and other works. He travelled in California, and published several papers on the shells and plants of that region. Dr. Nuttall returned to England, living at Nutgrove, an estate which was left to him on condition that he should reside on it.—*Athenæum*.



"EBENEZER, the Gideonite," was no bad specimen of the class he represented—the sour-visaged, stern, and desperate fanatic, who allowed no consideration of fear or mercy to turn him from the path of duty; whose sense of personal danger as of personal responsibility was completely swallowed up in his religious enthusiasm; who would follow such an officer as George Effingham into the very jaws of death; and of whom such a man as Cromwell knew how to make a rare and efficient instrument. Ebenezer's orders were to hold no communication with his prisoner, to neglect no precaution for his security; and having reported his capture to the general in command at Northampton, to proceed at least one stage further on his road to London ere he halted for the night.

Humphrey's very name was consequently unknown to the party who had him in charge. As he had no papers whatever upon his person when captured, the subaltern in command of the picket at Brixworth had considered it useless to ask a question to which it was so easy to give a fictitious answer; and Ebenezer, although recognizing him personally as an old acquaintance, had neglected to ascertain his name even after their first introduction by means of the flat of the Cavalier's sabre. Though his back had tingled for weeks from the effects of a blow so shrewdly administered; though he had every opportunity of learning the style and title of the prisoner whom he had helped to bring before Cromwell at his head-quarters; yet, with an idiosyncrasy peculiar to the British soldier, and a degree of Saxon indifference amounting to stupidity, he had never once thought of making inquiry as to who or what was this hard-hitting Malignant that had so nearly knocked him off his horse in Gloucestershire lane.

Erect and vigilant, he rode conscientiously close to his prisoner, eying him from time to time with looks of curiosity and interest, and scanning his figure from head to heel with obvious satisfaction. Not a word, however, did he address to the captive; his conversation, such as it was, being limited to a few brief sentences interchanged with his men, in which Scriptural phraseology was strangely intermingled with the language of the stable and the parade-ground. Strict as was the

discipline insisted on amongst the parliamentary troops by Cromwell and his officers, the escort, as may be supposed, followed the example of their superior with stern faces and silent tongues; they rode at "attention," their horses well in hand, their weapons held in readiness, and their eyes never for an instant taken off the horseman they surrounded.

Humphrey, we may easily imagine, was in no mood to enter into conversation. He had indeed enough food for sad forebodings and bitter reflections. Wild and adventurous as had been his life for many weeks past—always in disguise, always apparently on the eve of discovery, and dependent for his safety on the fidelity of utter strangers, often of the meanest class—not a day had elapsed without some imminent hazard, some thrilling alternation of hope and fear. But the events of the last few hours had outdone them all. To have succeeded in his mission!—to have escaped when escape seemed impossible, and then to fail at the last moment, when safety had been actually gained!—it seemed more like some wild and feverish dream than a dark, hopeless reality. And the poor sorrel! How sincerely he mourned for the good horse; how well he had always carried him; how gentle and gallant and obedient he was; how he turned to his master's hand and sprang to his master's voice. How fond he was of him; and to think of him lying dead yonder by the water-side! It was hard to bear.

Strange how a dumb animal can wind itself round the human heart! What associations may be connected with a horse's arching crest or the intelligent glance of a dog's eye. How they can bring back to us the happy "long, long ago;" the magic time that seems brighter and brighter as we contemplate it from a greater and greater distance; how they can recall the soft tones and kindly glances that are hushed, perhaps, and dim for evermore; perhaps, the bitterest stroke of all, estranged and altered now. "Love me, love my dog!"—there never was a truer proverb. Ay! love my dog, love my horse, love all that came about me; the dress I wore, the words I have spoken, the very ground I trod upon,—but do not be surprised that horse and dog, and dress and belongings, all are still the same, and I alone am changed.

So Humphrey loved the sorrel, and grieved for him sincerely. The rough Puritan soldiers could understand his dejection. Many a charger's neck was caressed by a rough hand on the march, as the scene by the Northern Water presented itself vividly to the dragoons' untutored minds; and though the vigilance of his guardians was unimpeachable, their bearing towards Humphrey was all the softer and more deferential that these veteran soldiers could appreciate his feelings and sympathize with his loss.

He had but one drop of comfort, one gleam of sunshine now, and even that was dashed with bitter feelings of pique and a consciousness of unmerited neglect. He had seen Mary once again. He liked to think, too, that she must have recognized him—must have been aware of his critical position—must have known that he was being led off to die.

"Perhaps even her hard heart will ache," thought the prisoner, "when she thinks of her handiwork. Was it not for her sake that I undertook this fatal duty—for her sake that I have spent years of my life in exile, risked that life ungrudgingly a thousand times, and shall now forfeit it most unquestionably to the vengeance of the parliament? Surely, surely, if she is a woman, she must be anxious and unhappy now."

It was a strange, morbid sensation, half of anger, half of triumph; yet through it all a tear stole to his eye from the fond heart that could not bear to think the woman he loved should suffer a moment's uneasiness even for his sake.

Silently they rode on till they reached Northampton town. The good citizens were too much inured to scenes of violence, too well accustomed to the presence of the parliamentary troops, to throw away much attention on so simple an event as the arrival of an escort with a prisoner. Party-feeling, too, had become considerably weakened since the continued successes of the parliament. Virtually, the war was over, and the Commons now represented the governing power throughout the country. The honest townsmen of Northampton were only too thankful to obtain a short interval of peace and quiet for the prosecution of "business"—that magic word, which speaks so eloquently to the feelings of the middle class in England—and as their majority had, from the very commencement

of the disturbances, taken the popular side in the great civil contest, they could afford to treat their fallen foes with mercy and consideration.

Unlike his entry on a previous occasion into the good city of Gloucester, Humphrey found his present plight the object neither of ridicule nor remark. The passers-by scarce glanced at him as he rode along, and the escort closed round him so vigilantly that a careless observer would hardly have remarked that the troop encircled a prisoner.

In consequence of their meditated movement against the king's liberty, the parliament had concentrated a large force of all arms at Northampton, and the usually smiling and peaceful town presented the appearance of enormous barracks. Granaries, manufactories, and other large buildings were taken up for the use of soldiers; troop-horses were picketed in the streets, and a park of artillery occupied the market-place; whilst the best houses of the citizens, somewhat to the dissatisfaction of their owners, were appropriated by the superior officers of the division. In one of the largest of these George Effingham had established himself. An air of military simplicity and discipline pervaded the general's quarters: sentries, steady and immovable as statues, guarded the entrance; a strong escort of cavalry occupied an adjoining building, once a flour-store, now converted into a guard-house. Grave, upright personages, distinguished by their orange scarfs as officers of the parliament, stalked to and fro, intent on military affairs, here bringing in their reports, there issuing forth charged with orders; but one and all affecting an austerity of demeanor which yet somehow sat unnaturally upon buff coat and steel headpiece. The general himself seemed immersed in business. Seated at a table covered with papers, he wrote with unflinching energy, looking up, it is true, ever and anon, with a weary, abstracted air, but returning to his work with renewed vigor after every interruption, as though determined by sheer force of will to keep his mind from wandering off its task.

An orderly sergeant entered the room, and, standing at "attention," announced the arrival of an escort with a prisoner.

The general looked up for a moment from his papers. "Send in the officer in command to make his report," said he, and resumed his occupation.

Ebenezer stalked solemnly into the apartment: gaunt and grim, he stood bolt upright and commenced his narrative:—

"I may not tarry by the way, general," he began, "for verily the time is short and the night cometh in which no man can work; even as the day of grace, which passeth like the shadow on the sun-dial ere a man can say, Lo! here it cometh, or lo! there."

Effingham cut him short with considerable impatience. "Speak out, man!" he exclaimed, "and say what thou'st got to say, with a murrain to thee! Dost think I have naught to do but sit here and listen to the prating of thy fool's tongue?"

Ebenezer was one of those preaching men of war who never let slip an opportunity of what they termed "improving the occasion;" but our friend George's temper, which the unhappiness and uncertainty of the last few years had not tended to sweeten, was by no means proof against such an infliction. The subordinate perceived this, and endeavored to condense his communication within the bounds of military brevity, but the habit was too strong for him: after a few sentences he broke out again:—

"I was ordered by Lieutenant Allgood to select an escort of eight picked men and horses, and proceed in charge of a prisoner to London. My instructions were to pass through Northampton, reporting myself to General Effingham by the way, and to push on a stage further without delay ere I halted my party for the night. With regard to the prisoner, the captive, as indeed I may say, of our bow and spear, who fell a prey to us under Brixworth, even as a bird falleth a prey to the fowler, and who trusted in the speed of his horse to save him in the day of wrath, as these Malignants have ever trusted in their snortings and their prancings, forgetting that it hath been said—"

"Go to the Devil, sir!" exclaimed George Effingham, with an energy of impatience that completely dissipated the thread of the worthy sergeant's discourse; "are you to take up my time standing preaching there, instead of attending to your duty? You have your orders, sir; be off, and comply with them. Your horses are fresh, your journey before you, and the sun going down. I shall take care that the time of your arrival in London is reported to me, and woe be to you if you 'tarry by the way,' as you call it in your ridiculous hypocritical jargon. To the right—face!"

It was a broad hint that in an orderly-room admitted of but one interpretation. Ebenezer's instincts as a soldier predominated over his temptations as an orator, and in less than five minutes he was once more in the saddle, wary and vigilant, closing his files carefully round the captured Royalist as they wound down the stony street in the direction of the London road.

George Effingham returned to his writing, and with a simple memorandum of the fact that a prisoner had been reported to him as under escort for London, dismissed the whole subject at once from his mind.

Thus it came to pass that the two friends, as still they may be called, never knew that they were within a hundred paces of each other, though in how strange a relative position; never knew that a chance word, an incident however trifling, that had betrayed the name of either, would have brought them together, and perhaps altered the whole subsequent destinies of each. George never suspected that the nameless prisoner, reported to him as a mere matter of form, under the charge of Ebenezer, was his old friend Humphrey Bosville; nor could the Cavalier major guess that the general of division holding so important a command as that of Northampton, was none other than his former comrade and captain, dark George Effingham.

The latter worked hard till nightfall. It was his custom now. He seemed never so uneasy as when in repose. He acted like a traveller who esteems all time wasted but that which tends to the accomplishment of his journey. Enjoying the confidence of Cromwell and the respect of the whole army, won, in despite of his antecedents, by a career of cool and determined bravery, he seemed to be building up for himself a high and influential station, stone by stone as it were, and grudging no amount of sacrifice, no exertion to raise it, if only by an inch. The enthusiasm of George's temperament was counterbalanced by sound judgment and a highly perspicuous intellect, and consequently the tendency to fanaticism which had first impelled him to join the Revolutionary party, had become considerably modified by all he saw and heard, when admitted to the councils of the parliament, and better acquainted with their motives and opinions. He no longer deemed that such men as Fairfax, Ireton, even Cromwell, were directly inspired by

Heaven, but he could not conceal from himself that their energies and abilities were calculated to win for them the high places of the earth. He knew, moreover, none better, the strength and weakness of either side, and he could not doubt for a moment which must become the dominant party. If not a better, the *ci-devant* Cavalier had become unquestionably a wiser man, and having determined in his own mind which of the contending factions was capable of saving the country, and which was obviously on the high road to power, he never now regretted for an instant that he had joined its ranks, nor looked back, as Bosville would have done under similar circumstances, with a wistful longing to all the illusions of romance and chivalry, which shed a glare over the downfall of the dashing Cavaliers. Effingham's, we need hardly say, was a temperament of extraordinary perseverance and unconquerable resolution. He had now proposed to himself a certain aim and end in life. From the direction which led to its attainment he never swerved one inch, as he never halted for an instant by the way. He had determined to win a high and influential station. Such a station, as should at once silence all malicious remarks on his Royalist antecedents, as should raise him, if not to wealth, at least to honor, and above all, such as should enable him to throw the shield of his protection over all and any whom he should think it worth his while thus to shelter and defend. Far in the distance, like some strong swimmer battling successfully against wind and tide, he discerned the beacon which he had resolved to reach, and though he husbanded his strength and neglected no advantage of eddy or back-water, he never relaxed for an instant from his efforts, convinced that, in the moral as in the physical conflict, he who is not advancing is necessarily losing way. Such tenacity of purpose *will* be served at last, as, indeed, it fully merits to be; and this Saxon quality Effingham possessed for good or evil in its most exaggerated form.

The weaknesses of a strong nature, like the awns in a marble column, are, however, a fit subject for ridicule and remark. The general, despite his grave appearance and his powerful intellect, was as childish in some matters as his neighbors. Ever since the concentration of a large parliamentary force around Northampton, and the investment, so to speak, of

Holmby House by the redoubtable Cornet Joyce, it had been judged advisable by the authorities to station a strong detachment of cavalry at the village of Brixworth, a lonely hamlet within six miles of head-quarters, occupying a commanding position, and with strong capabilities for defence. The detachment seemed to be the general's peculiar care; and who should gainsay such a high military opinion as that of George Effingham? Whatever might be the press of business during the day, however numerous the calls upon his time, activity, and resources, he could always find a spare hour or two before sundown, in which to visit this important outpost. Accompanied by a solitary dragoon as an escort, or even at times entirely alone, the general would gallop over to beat up Lieutenant Allgood's quarters, and returning leisurely in the dark, would drop the rein on his horse's neck, and suffer him to walk quietly through the outskirts of the park at Boughton, whilst his master looked long and wistfully at the casket containing the jewel which he had sternly resolved to win. On the day of Humphrey's capture, the very eagerness on the part of Effingham to fulfil his daily duty, or rather, we should say, to enjoy the only relaxation he permitted himself, served to render him somewhat impatient of Ebenezer's long-winded communications; and by cutting short the narrative of that verbose official, perhaps prevented an interview with his old friend, which, had he believed in its possibility, he would have been sorry to miss.

A bright moon shone upon the waving fern and fine old trees of Boughton Park as George returned from his customary visit to the outpost. He was later than usual, and the soft southern breeze wafted on his ear the iron tones that were tolling midnight from Kingsthorpe Church. All was still and balmy and beautiful, the universe seemed to breathe of peace and love and repose. The influence of the hour seemed to soothe and soften the ambitious soldier, — seemed to saturate his whole being with kindly, gentle feelings, far different from those which habitually held sway in that weary, careworn heart, — seemed to whisper to him of higher, holier joys than worldly fame and gratified pride, even than successful love — to urge upon him the beauty of humility, and self-sacrifice, and hopeful, childlike trust, — the triumph of that resignation which far



outshines all the splendors of conquest, which wrests a victory even out of the jaws of defeat.

Alas, that these momentary impressions should be transient in proportion to their strength! What is this flaw in the human organization that thus makes man the very puppet of a passing thought? Is there but one rudder that can guide the bark upon her voyage, veering as she does with every changing breeze? but one course that shall bring her in safety to the desired haven, when all the false pilots she is so prone to take on board do but run her upon shoals and quicksands, or let her drift aimlessly out seaward through the night? We know where the charts are to be found—we know where the rudder can be fitted. Whose fault is it that we cannot bring our cargo safe home to port?

The roused deer, alarmed at the tramp of George's charger, sprang hastily from their lair under the stems of the spreading beeches, blanched in the moonlight to a ghastly white. As they coursed along in single file under the horse's nose, he bounded lightly into the air, and with a snort of pleasure rather than alarm broke voluntarily into a canter on the yielding, moss-grown sward. The motion scattered the train of thought in which his rider was plunged, dispelled the charm, and brought him back from his visions to his own practical, resolute self. He glanced once, and once only, at the turrets of the hall, from which a light was still shining, dimly visible at a gap in the fine old avenue; and then with clenched hand and stern, compressed smile, turned his horse's head homeward, and galloped steadily on towards his own quarters in Northampton town.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—“PAST AND GONE.”

PERHAPS, had Effingham known in whose room was twinkling that light which shone out at so late an hour from the towers of the old manor-house; could any instinctive faculty have made him aware of the council to which it was a silent witness; could he have guessed at the solemn conclave held by two individuals in that apartment, from which only a closed casement and a quarter of a mile of avenue separated him, even his strong heart would have beat quicker, and a sensation of sickening anxiety would have prevented him from proceeding so resolutely homewards—would have kept him lingering and hankering there the live-long night.

The solitary light was shining from Grace Allonby's apartment. In that luxurious room were the two ladies, still in full evening costume. One was in a sitting posture, the other, with a pale, stony face, her hair pushed back from her temples, and her lips, usually so red and ripe, of an ashy white, walked irregularly to and fro, clasping her hands together, and twisting the fingers in and out with the unconscious contortions of acute suffering. It was Mary Cave who seemed thus driven to the extremity of apprehension and dismay. All her dignity, all her self-possession had deserted her for the nonce, and left her a trembling, weeping, harassed, and afflicted woman.

Grace Allonby, on the other hand, sat in her chair erect and motionless as marble.

Save for the action of the little foot beneath her dress, which tapped the floor at regular intervals, she might, indeed, have been a statue, with her fixed eye, her curved, defiant lip and dilated nostril expressive of mingled wrath and scorn.

Brought up as sisters, loving each other with the undemonstrative affection which dependence on one side and protection on the other surely engenders between generous minds, never before had the demon of discord been able to sow the slightest dissension between these two. Now, however, they seemed to have changed natures. Mary was writhing and pleading as for dear life. Grace sat stern and pitiless, her dark eyes flashing fiercely, and her fair brow, usually so smooth and open, lowering with an ominous scowl.

For five minutes neither had spoken a syllable, though Mary continued her troubled walk up and down the room. At last, Grace, turning her head haughtily towards her companion, stiffly observed,—

“You can suggest, then, no other method than this unwomanly and most humiliating course?”

“Dear Grace,” replied Mary, in accents of imploring eagerness, “it is our last resource. I entreat you—think of the interest at stake. Think of him even now, a prisoner on his way to execution. To execution! Great Heaven! they will never spare him now. I can see it all before me—the



gallant form walking erect between those stern, triumphant Puritans, the kindly face blindfolded, that he may not look upon his death. I can see him standing out from those levelled muskets. I can hear his voice firm and manly as he defies them all and shouts his old battle cry—'God and the King!' I can see the wreaths of white smoke floating away before the breeze, and down upon the greensward, Humphrey Bosville—dead!—do you understand me, girl? *dead*—stone dead! and we shall never, *never* see him more!"

Mary's voice rose to a shriek as she concluded, towering above her companion in all the majesty of her despair; but she could not sustain the horror of the picture she had conjured up; and, sinking into a chair, she covered her face with her hands and shook all over like an aspen leaf.

Grace, too, shuddered visibly. It was in a softened tone that she said, "He *must* be saved, Mary. I am willing to do all that lies in my power. He shall not die for his loyalty if he can be rescued by any one that bears the name of Allonby."

"Bless you, darling, a thousand, thousand times!" exclaimed Mary, seizing her friend's hand and covering it with kisses; "I knew your good, kind heart would triumph at the last. I knew you would never leave him to die without stretching an arm to help him. Listen, Gracey. There is but one person that can interpose with any chance of success on his behalf—I need not tell you again who that person is, Gracey; you used to praise and admire my knowledge of the world, you used to place the utmost faith in my clear-sightedness and quickness of perception; I am not easily deceived, and I tell you George Effingham loves the very ground beneath your feet. Not as men usually love, Grace, with a divided interest, that makes a hawk or a hound, a place at court, or a brigade of cavalry, too dangerous and successful a rival, but with all the energy of his whole enthusiastic nature, with the reckless devotion that would fling the world, if he had it, at your feet. He is your slave dear, and I cannot wonder at it. For your lightest whim he would do more, a thousand times more, than this. He has influence with our rulers (it is a bitter drop in the cup, that we must term the Roundhead knaves *our* rulers at last); above all, he has

Cromwell's confidence, and Cromwell governs England now. If he can be prevailed on to exert himself, he can save Bosville's life. It is much to ask him, I grant you. It may compromise him with his party, it may give his enemies the means of depriving him of his command, it may ruin the whole future on which his great ambitious mind is set. I know him, you see, dear, though he has never thought it worth his while to open his heart to *me*; it might even endanger his safety at a future period, but it *must* be done, Grace, and you are the person that must tell him to do it."

"It is not right," answered Grace, her feminine pride rousing itself once more; "it is not just or fair. What can I give him in exchange for such a favor? How can I, of all the women upon earth, ask him to do this for *me*?"

"And yet, Grace, if you refuse, Humphrey must die!" said Mary, in the quiet tones of despair, but with a writhing lip that could hardly utter the fatal word.

Grace was driven from her defences now. Conflicting feelings, reserve, pride, pity, and affection, all were at war in that soft heart, which so few years ago had scarcely known a pang. Like a true woman, she adopted the last unfailing resource, she put herself into a passion and burst into tears.

"Why am I to do all this?" sobbed Grace. "Why are my father, and Lord Vaux, and you yourself, Mary, to do nothing, and I alone to interfere? What especial claim has Humphrey on me? What right have I more than others over the person of Major Bosville?"

"Because you love him, Grace," answered Mary, and her eye never wavered, her voice never faltered when she said it. The stony look had stolen over her face once more, and the rigidity of the full white arm that peeped through her sleeve showed how tight her hand was clenched, but the woman herself was as steady as a rock. The other turned her eyes away from the quiet, searching glance that was reading her heart.

"And if I did," said poor Grace, in the petulance of her distress, "I should not be the only person. You like him yourself, Mary, you know you do—am I to save him for your sake?"

The girl laughed in bitter scorn while she spoke, but tears of shame and contrition rose

to her eyes a moment afterwards, as she reflected on the ungenerous words she had spoken.

Mary had long nerved herself for the task—she was not going to fail now. She had resolved to *give him up*. Three little simple words; very easy to say, and comprising after all—what?—a mere nothing! *only* a heart's happiness lost for a lifetime—*only* a cloud over the sun for evermore—*only* the destruction of hope, and energy, and all that makes life worth having, and distinguishes the intellectual being from the brute—*only* the exchange of a future to pray for, and dream of, for a listless despair, torpid and benumbed—fearing nothing, caring for nothing, and welcoming nothing but the stroke that shall end life and sufferings together. This was all. She would not flinch—she was resolved—she could do it easily.

"Listen to me, Grace," she said, speaking every word quite slowly and distinctly, though her very eyebrows quivered with the violence she did her feelings, and she was obliged to grasp the arm of a chair to keep the cold, trembling fingers still. "You are mistaken if you think I have any sentiment of regard for Major Bosville deeper than friendship and esteem. I have long known him, and appreciated his good qualities. You yourself must acknowledge how intimately allied we have all been in the war, and how stanch and faithful he has ever proved himself to the king. Therefore I honor and regard him; therefore I shall always look back to him as a friend, though I should never meet him again; therefore I would make any exertion, submit to any sacrifice to save his life. But, Grace, *I do not love him*." She spoke faster and louder now. "And, moreover, if you believe he entertains any such feelings on my behalf, you are wrong—I am sure of it—look at the case yourself, candidly and impartially. For nearly two years I have never exchanged words with him, either by speech or writing—never seen him but twice, and you yourself were present each time. He may have admired me once. I tell you honestly, dear, I think he did; but he does not care two straws for me now."

Poor Mary! it was the hardest gulp of all to keep back the tears at this; not that she quite thought it herself, but it was so cruel to be obliged to *say it*. After all she was a woman, and though she tried to have a heart

of stone, it quivered and bled like a heart of flesh all the while, but she went on resolutely with a tighter hold of the chair.

"I think you and he are admirably suited to each other. I think you would be very happy together. I think, Grace, you like him very much—you cannot deceive me, dear. You have already excited his interest and admiration. Look in your glass, my pretty Grace, and you need not be surprised. Think what will be his feelings when he owes you his life. It requires no prophet to foretell how this must end. He will love you, and you shall marry him. Yes, Grace, you can surely trust *me*. I swear to you from henceforth, I will never so much as speak to him again. You shall not be made uneasy by me of all people—only save his life, Grace, only use every effort, make every sacrifice to him, and I, Mary Cave, that was never foiled or beaten yet, promise you that he shall be yours."

It is peculiar to the idiosyncrasy of women that they seem to think they have a perfect right to dispose of a heart that belongs to them, and say to it, "You shall be enslaved here, or enraptured there, at our good pleasure." Would they be more surprised or angry to find themselves taken at their word?

Grace listened with a pleased expression of countenance. She believed every syllable her friend told her. It is very easy to believe what we wish. And it was gratifying to think that she had made an impression on the handsome young Cavalier, for whom she could not but own she had once entertained a warm feeling of attachment. Like many another quiet and retiring woman, this consciousness of conquest possessed for Grace a charm dangerous and attractive in proportion to its rarity. The timid are sometimes more aggressive than the bold; and Grace was sufficiently feminine to receive considerable gratification from that species of admiration which Mary, who was surfeited with it, thoroughly despised. It was the old story between these two: the one was courteously accepting as a trifling gift, that which constituted the whole worldly possessions of the other. It is hard to offer up our diamonds, and see them valued but as paste.

"There is no time to be lost, Mary," observed Grace, after a few moments' reflection. "I will make it my business to see General Effingham before twenty-four hours have elapsed. If, as you say, he entertains this—this infatuation about me, it will perhaps make

him still more anxious on behalf of his old friend, to provide for whose safety I should think he would strain every nerve, even if there were no such person as Grace Allonby in the world. We will save Major Bosville, Mary, whatever happens, if I have to go down on my bended knees to George Effingham. Not that I think such a measure will be needful added Grace, with a smile; "he is very courteous and considerate, notwithstanding his stern brows and haughty manner. Very chivalrous, too, for a Puritan. My father even avows he is a good soldier; and I am sure he is a thorough gentleman. Do you not think so, Mary?"

But Mary did not answer. She had gained her point at last. Of course, it was a great comfort to know that she had succeeded in her object. Had the purchase not been worth the price, she would not surely have offered it; and now the price had been accepted, and the ransom was actually paid, there was nothing more to be done. The excitement was over, and the reaction had already commenced.

"Bless you, Grace, for your kindness," was all she said. "I am tired now, and will go to bed. To-morrow we will settle every thing. Thank you, dear, again and again." With these words she pressed her cold lips upon her friend's hand; and hiding her face as much as possible from observation, walked quietly and sadly to her room.

It was an unspeakable relief to be alone, face to face with her great sorrow, but yet alone. To moan aloud in her agony, and speak to herself as though she were some one else, and fling herself down on her knees by the bedside, burying her head in those white arms, and weep her heart out while she poured forth the despairing prayer that she might die, the only prayer of the afflicted that falls short of the throne of mercy. Once before in this very room had Mary wrestled gallantly with suffering, and been victorious. Was she weaker now that she was older? Shame! shame! that the woman should give way to a trial which the girl had found strength enough to overcome. Alas! she felt too keenly that she had then lost an ideal, whereas this time she had voluntarily surrendered a reality. She had never known before all she had dared, if not to hope, at least to dream, of the future with *him* that was still possible yesterday — and now —

Lost, too, by her own deed, of her own free will. Oh! it was hard, *very* hard to bear!

But she slept, a heavy, sound, and exhausted sleep. So it ever is with great and positive affliction. Happiness will keep us broad awake for hours, to rise with the lark; glad-some, notwithstanding our vigils, as the bird itself, refreshed and invigorated by the sunshine of the soul. 'Tis an unwilling bride that is late astir on her wedding-morn. Anxiety, with all its harassing effects, admits of but feverish and fitful slumbers. The dreaded crisis is never absent from our thoughts; and though the body may be prostrated by weariness, the mind refuses to be lulled to rest. We do not envy the merchant prince his bed of down, especially when he has neglected to insure his argosies; but when the blow has actually fallen, when happiness has spread her wings and flown away, as it seems, for evermore, when there is no room for anxiety, because the worst has come at last, and hope is but a mockery and a myth, then doth a heavy sleep descend upon us, like a pall upon a coffin, and mercy bids us take our rest for a time, senseless and forgetful like the dead.

But there was a bitter drop still to be tasted in the full cup of Mary's sorrows. Even as she laid her down, she dreaded the moment of waking on the morrow; she wished — how wearily! — that she might never wake again, though she knew not then that she would dream that night a golden dream, such as should make the morning's misery almost too heavy to endure.

She dreamed that she was once again at Falmouth, as of old. She walked by the seashore, and watched the narrow line of calm blue water and the ripple of the shallow wave that stole gently to her feet along the noiseless sand. The sea-bird's wing shone white against the summer sky as he turned in his silent flight; and the hushed breeze scarce lifted the folds of her own white dress as she paced thoughtfully along. It was the dress *he* liked so much; she had worn it because he was gone, far away beyond those blue waters, with the queen, loyal and true as he had ever been. Oh, that he were here now, to walk hand in hand with her along those yellow sands! Even as she wished he stood by her; his breath was on her cheek; his eyes were looking into hers; his arm stole round her waist. She knew not how, nor why, but she was his, his very own,

and for always, now. "At last," she said, putting the hair back from his forehead, and printing on the smooth brow one long, clinging kiss, "at last! dear. You will never leave me, now!" and the dream answered,—  
"Never, nevermore!"

Yet when she woke, she did not waver in her resolution. Though Mary Cave looked ten years older than she had done but twenty-four hours before, she said to her own heart, "I have decided: it *shall* be done!"

#### CHAPTER XXXV. — "THE LANDING NET."

FAITH had excited Dymocke's jealousy. This was a great point gained; perhaps with the intuitive knowledge of man's weaknesses, possessed by the shallowest and most superficial of her sex, she had perceived that some decisive measure was required to land her fish at last. Though he had gorged the bait greedily enough, though the hook was fairly fixed in a vital spot, and nothing remained—to continue our metaphor—but to brandish the landing-net, and subsequent frying-pan, the prize lurked stolidly in deep waters. This state of apathy in the finny tribe is termed "sulking" by the disciples of Izaak Walton; and the great authorities who have succeeded that colloquial philosopher, in treating of the gentle art, recommend that stones should be thrown, and other offensive measures practised, in order to bring the fish once more to the surface.

Let us see to what description of stone-throwing Faith resorted to secure the prey, for which, to do her justice, she had long been angling with much craft, skill, and untiring patience.

Dymocke, we need hardly now observe, was an individual who entertained no mean and derogatory opinion of his own merits or his own charms. An essential article of his belief had always been that there was at least one bachelor left, who was an extraordinarily eligible investment for any of the weaker sex below the rank of a lady; and that bachelor bore the name "Hugh Dymocke." With such a creed, it was no easy matter to bring to book our far-sighted philosopher. His good opinion of himself made it useless to practise on him the usual arts of coldness, contempt, and what is vulgarly termed "snubbing." Even jealousy, that last and usually efficacious remedy, was not easily aroused in so self-satisfied a mind; and as for hysterics, scenes, reproaches, and appeals to the passions, all such recoiled from his experienced nature, like hailstones from an armor of proof. He was a difficult subject, this wary old troop-

er. Crafty, callous, opinionated, above all, steeped in practical as well as theoretical wisdom. Yet, when it came to a trial of wits, the veriest chit of a silly waiting-maid could turn him round her finger at will.

We have heard it asserted by sundry idolaters, that even "the *worst* woman is better than the best man." On the truth of this axiom we would not venture to pronounce. Flattering as is our opinion of the gentle sex, we should be sorry to calculate the amount of evil which it would require to constitute the *worst* of those fascinating natures which are so prone to run into extremes; but of this we are sure, that the *silliest* woman in all matters of *finesse* and subtlety is a match, and more than a match for the wisest of mankind. Here was Faith, for instance, who, with the exception of her journey to Oxford, had never been a dozen miles from her own home, outwitting and out-manceuvring a veteran toughened by ever so many campaigns, and sharpened by five and twenty years' practice in all the stratagems of love and war.

After revolving in her own mind the different methods by which it would be advisable to hasten a catastrophe that should terminate in her own espousals to her victim, the little woman resolved on jealousy as the most prompt, the most efficacious, and perhaps the most merciful in the end. Now, a man always goes to work in the most blundering manner possible when he so far forgets his own honest, doglike nature, as to play such tricks as these. He invariably selects some one who is diametrically the opposite of the real object of attack, and proceeds to open the war with such haste and energy as are perfectly unnatural in themselves, and utterly transparent to the laughing bystanders. When he thinks he is getting on most swimmingly, the world sneers; the fictitious object, who has, indeed, no cause to be flattered, despises; and the real one, firmer in the saddle than ever, laughs at him. It serves him right, for



dabbling with a science of which he does not know the simplest rudiments. This was not Faith's method. We think we have already mentioned that in attendance upon the king at Holmbury was a certain yeoman of the guard on whom that damsel had deigned to shed the sunshine of her smiles, in which the honest functionary basked with a stolid satisfaction edifying to witness. He was a steady, sedate, and goodly personage; and, save for his bulk, the result of little thought combined with much feeding, and his comeliness, which he inherited from a Yorkshire mother, was the very counterpart of Dymocke himself. He was nearly of the same age, had served in the wars on the king's side with some little distinction, was equally a man of few words, wise saws, and an outward demeanor of profound sagacity, but lacked, it must be confessed, that prompt wit and energy of action which made amends for much of the absurdity of our friend Hugh's pretensions.

He was, in short, such a personage as it seemed natural for a woman to admire who had been capable of appreciating the good qualities of the sergeant; and in this Faith showed a tact and discernment essentially feminine. Neither did she go to work "hammer-and-tongs," as if there were not a moment to be lost; on the contrary, she rather suffered than encouraged the yeoman's unwieldy attentions; and taxed her energies, not so much to captivate him, as to watch the effect of her behavior on the real object of attack. She had but little time, it is true, for her operations, which were limited to the period of the king's short visit at Boughton; but she had no reason to be dissatisfied with the success of her efforts, even long before the departure of his majesty and the unconscious rival.

Dymocke, elated with his last exploit, and full of the secret intelligence he had to communicate, at first took little notice of his sweetheart, or indeed of any of the domestics; and Faith, wisely letting him alone, played on her own game with persevering steadiness. After a time, she succeeded in arousing his attention, then his anxiety, and lastly his wrath. At first he seemed simply surprised, then contemptuous, afterwards anxious, and lastly undoubtedly and unreasonably angry, with himself, with her, with

her new acquaintance, with the whole world; and she looked so confoundedly pretty all the time! When the yeoman went away, Faith gazed after the departing cavalcade from the buttery-window with a deep sigh. She remarked to one of the other maids "that she felt as if she could die for the king; and what a becoming uniform was worn by the yeomen of the guard." Dymocke, who had approached her with some idea of an armistice, if not a treaty of peace, turned away with a smothered curse and a bitter scowl. All that night he never came near her, all the next morning he never spoke to her, yet she met him somehow at every turn. He was malleable now, and it was time to forge him into a tool.

It was but yesterday we watched two of our grandchildren at play in the corridor. The little girl, with a spirit of unjust acquisitiveness, laid violent hands upon her brother's toys, taking from him successively the whole of his marbles, a discordant tin trumpet, and a stale morsel of plum-cake. The boy, a sturdy, curly-headed, open-eyed urchin, rising five, resented this wholesale spoliation with considerable energy, and a grand quarrel, not without violence, was the result. The usual declaration of hostility, "*then I wont play,*" was followed by a retreat to different corners of the gallery; and a fit of "the sulks," lasting nearly twenty minutes, afforded a short interval of peace and quiet to the household.

A child's resentment, however, is not of long duration; and we are bound to admit that in this instance the aggressor made the first advances to a reconciliation. "You began it, dear," lisped the little vixen, a thorough woman already, though she can hardly speak plain. "Kiss and make it up, brother: *you began it!*" And we are persuaded that the honest little fellow, with his masculine softness of head and heart, believed himself to have been from the commencement wholly and solely in the wrong.

So Faith, lying in wait for Dymocke at a certain angle of the backyard, where there was not much likelihood of interruption, stood to her arms boldly, and commenced the attack.

"Are you never going to speak to me again, sergeant?" said Faith, with a half-mournful, half-resentful expression on her pretty face. "I know what new acquaintances are—the



millers daughter's a good girl, and a comely ; but it's not so far from here to Brampton Mill that you need to be in such a hurry as not to spare a word to an old friend, Hugh !”

The last monosyllable was only whispered, but accompanied by a soft stolen glance from under a pair of long eyelashes, it did not fail to produce a certain effect.

“The miller's daughter ! Brampton Mill !” exclaimed Hugh, aghast and open-mouthed, dumb-founded, as well he might be, at an accusation so devoid of the slightest shadow of justice.

“Oh ! I know what I know,” proceeded Faith, with increased agitation and alarming volubility. “I know where you were spending the day yesterday, and the day before and the day before that ! I know why you leave your work in the morning, and the dinner stands till it's cold, and the horse is kept out all day, and comes home in a muck of sweat ; and it's ‘where's the sergeant ?’ and has ‘anybody seen Hugh ?’ and ‘Miss Faith, can you tell what's become of Dymocke ?’ all over the house. But I answer them, ‘I've nothing to do with Dymocke ; Dymocke don't belong to me. Doubtless he's gone to see his friends in the neighborhood ; and he knows his own ways best.’ Oh ! I don't want to pry upon you, sergeant ; it's nothing to *me* when you come and go ; and no doubt, as I said before, she's a good girl, and a comely ; and got a bit of money, too ; for her sister that married Will Jenkins, she's gone and quarrelled with her father ; and the brother, you know, he's in hiding ; and they're a bad lot altogether, all but *her* ; and I hope you'll be happy, Sergeant Dymocke ; and you've my best wishes ; and (sob) prayers (sob), for all that's come and gone yet (sob), *Hugh !*”

To say that Dymocke was astonished, stupefied, at his wit's end, is but a weak mode of expressing his utter discomfiture ; the old soldier was completely routed, front, flanks, and rear, disarmed and taken prisoner, he was utterly at the mercy of his conqueror.

“It's not much to ask,” pursued Faith, her cheeks flushing, and her bosom heaving as she wept out her plaint ; “it's not much to ask, and I *should* like to have back the broken sixpence, and the silver buckles, and the — the — the bit of sweet majoram I gave you yesterday was a fortnight, if it's only for a

keepsake and a remembrance when you're married, Hugh, and you and me are separated forever !”

With these desponding words, the disconsolate damsel buried her face in her apron and moaned aloud.

What a brute he felt himself ! how completely she had put him in the wrong — how his conscience smote him, innocent as he was concerning the miller's daughter, for many little instances of inattention and neglect towards his affianced bride, who was now so unselfishly giving him up, with such evident distress. How his heart yearned towards her now, weeping there in her rustic beauty, and he pitied her, *pitied* her, whilst all the time, with his boasted sagacity and experience, he was as helpless as a baby in the little witch's hands.

“Don't ye take on so, Faith,” he said, attempting an awkward caress, from which she snatched herself indignantly away ; “don't ye take on so. I never went *near* the miller's daughter, Faith — I tell ye I didn't, as I'm a living man !”

“Oh !” it's nothing to me, sergeant, whether you did or whether you didn't,” returned the lady, looking up for an instant, and incontinently hiding her face in her apron for a fresh burst of grief. “It's all over between you and me now, Hugh, for evermore !”

“Never say such a word, my dear,” returned Dymocke, waxing considerably alarmed, as the possibility of her being in earnest occurred to him, and the horrid suspicion dawned on his mind that this might be a *ruse* to get rid of him in favor of the comely yeoman, after all ; “and if you come to that, lass, you weren't so true to your colors yourself yesterday, that you need to turn the tables this way upon me.”

She had led him to the point now. Then he *was* jealous, as she intended he should be, and she had got him safe.

“I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Sergeant Dymocke,” answered Mistress Faith, demurely, sobbing at longer intervals, and drying her eyes while she spoke. “If you allude to my conversation with one of his blessed majesty's servants yesterday, I answer you that it was in presence of yourself and all my lord's servants ; and if it hadn't been, I'm accountable to no one. A poor, lone woman like me can't be too careful, I know ; a poor,

lone woman that's got nobody to defend her character, speak up for her, or take care of her, and that's lost her best friend, that quarrels with her whether she will or no. Oh! what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

The action was very nearly over now. Another flood of tears, brought up like a skilful general's reserve, in the nick of time, turned the tide of affairs, and nothing was left for the sergeant but to surrender at discretion.

"It's your own fault if it be so," whispered Hugh, with that peculiarly sheepish expression which pervades the male biped's countenance when he so far humiliates himself as to make a *bonâ fide* proposal. "If you'll say the word, Faith, say it now, for indeed I love you, and I'll never be easy till you're my wife, and that's the truth!"

But Faith wouldn't say the word at once, nor indeed could she be brought to put a period to her admirer's sufferings, in which, like a very woman, she found a morbid and inexplicable gratification, until she had wellnigh worried him into a withdrawal of his offer, when she said it in a great hurry, and sealed her submission with a kiss.

On the subsequent festivities held both in the parlor and the hall—for Sir Giles drank

the bride's health in a bumper, and the ladies of the family thought nothing too good to present to their favorite on the happy occasion of her marriage—it is not our province to enlarge. In compliance with the maxim that "happy's the wooing that's not long in doing," the nuptials took place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, and a prettier or a happier-looking bride than Faith never knelt before the altar.

The sergeant, however, betrayed a scared and somewhat startled appearance, as that of one who is not completely convinced of his own identity, bearing his part nevertheless as a bridegroom bravely and jauntily enough.

At his own private opinion of the catastrophe we can but guess by a remark which he was overheard to address to himself immediately after his acceptance by the pretty waiting-maid, and her consequent departure to acquaint her mistress.

"You've done it now, old lad," observed the sergeant, shaking his head, and speaking in a deliberate, reflective, and somewhat sarcastic tone. "What is to be must be, I suppose, and all things turn out for the best. But there's no question about it—you've done—*it—now!*"

**A PIOUS AND SENSIBLE NEGRO.**—The Missionary of the S. P. G. at St. Clement's, Nova Scotia, says in his report:—

"In the return you will find mention made of the death of an old man of one hundred and five years. It is rare we find such an age amongst our poor. He was 'a colored man, named Esop Moses, and probably the last of the slaves brought by their masters from the states at the rebellion. Unable to read, he had acquired great knowledge of Scripture and of many hymns, while standing behind his master's chair when the family were gathered for worship. His tall thin figure, supported by a stick for many years, passed up and down our streets, obtaining everywhere a kindly welcome at the farmer's fireside. Old Zip is well remembered; he had a ready wit and a powerful memory; always ready to discourse on religious subjects, and never better

pleased than when spoken to 'about the Father's home,' to which he hastened to go. He had, many years ago, been a Wesleyan, but he fell under my care during his last days; he died without disease or pain, having become rigid in all his limbs. The last time I called at his log-hut, about six miles in the woods; I stood awhile by his bedside, and lifted off a few clothes, but was unable to find him; I called; he recognized my voice at once; told me to 'bless de Lord, de old nigger was warm, do' he could not see; but his heart was right. Tell, dear parson, tell all de Lord's people; farewell—farewell, farewell—I'se meet in the Jerusalem,'—and so, not long after, he quietly departed in happy hope of sin forgiven, and God reconciled. He always regarded his slave days as the happiest of his life, 'having no thought, no care, and not too much work,' and regarded with great contempt 'de niggers of the present day—all pride and poverty.'"

From Once a Week.

### COLDSTREAM.

A LARGE party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the north-west coast of Devon. The various branches of English society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some Guardsmen, some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man: yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley resembles Sir Charles Coldstream, inasmuch as he has been everywhere and done every thing; but he is by no means used up, and can still take an interest in whatever his hand finds to do. Nor is his every thing everybody else's every thing. It is not bounded by Jerusalem and the pyramids.

Mr. Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself. Not that it must be supposed that he has ever been in the habit of wearing less clothing than the custom of the country in which he may have been located required; but only that at the present time he devoted much attention to buff waistcoats and gauze neck-ties, braided coats, and curled mustachios.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and he cannot be more than two-and-thirty. And the ladies at Ravelstoke outnumber the men: for although it is still rare for the fair sex to participate actively in the saturnalia of the partridge-god, they will always be found hovering in considerable numbers on the outskirts of the feast: and the varieties of the British lady are fairly represented.

There are some mammas with daughters to marry, and there are some daughters with a mamma to prevent marrying again, which is, perhaps, the most difficult thing of the two, as she has an income in her own right. There are blondes and brunettes, and pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls who hover between the two orders and combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the one color than they do in the other; but who always command your suffrage in favor of that which they are wearing when you look at them.

And there is Constance Baynton with gray eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after he left her; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are! The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the widow) says, "not clever enough to hide it."

Is she a little vexed at her present condition? Certainly she does not exhibit any tendency to carry out Mrs. Mellish's suggestion, if it has ever been repeated to her. The young men are more afraid of her than ever; and certainly she does say very sharp things, sometimes. Especially she is severe upon idlers, the butterflies of fashionable existence. She appears to consider that she has a special mission to arouse them; but they do not appear to like being lectured. With the young ladies she is a great favorite, for she is very affectionate; and though so beautiful and distinguished, she has proved herself to be not so dangerous a rival as might have been expected. Indeed, it has happened, more than once, that male admiration, rebounding from the hard surface of her manner, has found more yielding metal in the bosoms of her particular friends. Besides, she is always ready to lead the van in the general attack upon the male sex, when the ladies retire to the drawing-room.

Not that she ever says any thing behind their backs she would not be ready to repeat to their faces; but in that course probably she would not meet with such general support.

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated as her opinion to her intimate friends, that she did not believe he ever had

done, or ever would do any thing worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual; but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning when she had been reading Scott to three or four of her particular friends,—and it must be confessed that she read remarkably well,—that she began to lament the decline of chivalry. Tyrawley was sitting half in and half out of range. Perhaps she talked a little at him. At any rate, he chose to accept the challenge.

"I cannot agree with you, Miss Baynton," he said. "It is true we no longer wear ladies' gloves in our helmets, nor do we compel harmless individuals, who possibly may have sweethearts of their own, to admit the superiority of our lady-love at the point of the lance; but of all that was good in chivalry, of courage, truth, honor, enterprise, self-sacrifice, you will find as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth."

He brightened up as he spoke, and it was quite evident that he believed what he said, a circumstance which always gives an advantage to a disputant.

More than one pair of bright eyes smiled approval, and Miss Constance saw a probability of a defection from her ranks. She changed her tactics.

"You are too moderate in your claims for your contemporaries, Mr. Tyrawley. If I remember right, modesty has always been considered a qualification of a true knight."

"I am not ashamed to speak the truth," he replied; "your theory would have been more tenable before the days of the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; but the men who lit their cigars in the trenches of the Redan, and who carried the gate of Delhi, may bear comparison with Bayard, or Cœur de Lion."

"Oh! I do not allude to our soldiers," said she; "of course, I know they are brave; but,"—and here she hesitated a moment, till possibly piqued because her usual success had not attended her in the passage of arms, she con-

cluded,—"but to our idle gentlemen, who seem to have no heart for any thing."

Tyrawley smiled. "Possibly you may judge too much by the outside," he said. "I am inclined to fancy that some of those whom you are pleased to call idle gentlemen would be found to have heart enough for any thing that honor, or duty, or even chivalry, could find for them to do."

"I hope you are right," said Miss Constance, with a slightly perceptible curl of her upper lip, which implied that she did not think so.

Tyrawley bowed, and the conversation terminated a few minutes afterwards; when he had left the room, the conversation of the young ladies was interrupted by Master George Baynton, aged fourteen, who suddenly attacked his sister.

"I think you are wrong, you know, when you call Tyrawley a humbug."

"My dear," said Constance, with a start, "I never said any thing so ru—"

"Well, you implied it, you know, in your girl's words, and I think you make a mistake; for he can shoot like one o'clock, never misses a thing, and I hear he can ride no end. He was rather out of practice in his cricket when he came down; but he is improving every day. You should have seen the hit he made yesterday—right up to the cedars."

"Do you think there is nothing else for a man to do, but ride and shoot and play cricket?"

"Oh! that's all very well; but you should hear what Merton, our second master says; and a great brick he is, too. 'Whatever you do, do it as well as you can, whether it's cricket or verses.' And I believe if Tyrawley had to fight, he'd go in and win, and no mistake."

"Ah!" said Constance, [with a sigh, "he has evidently—what is it you boys call it?—tipped you. Isn't it?"

Indignant at this insult, George walked off to find his friend, and have a lesson in billiards.

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country houses. There was a little dancing after dinner; but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the morrow.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of



going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Pleasant, by Jove!" he soliloquized. "I wonder whether it's smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are; never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night," as a flash of lightning illumined the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be about nor-nor-west. Cheerful for any thing coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall-door open without waking them up; what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting upon his expedition, he changed the remains of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for a flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near, he found that unnecessary, as springing to it he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across country "like a bird," to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with her," he asked of an old coast-guard man.

"Why, ye see, sir, we have sent to Bilford for Manby's rockets; but she must break up before they come."

"How far is it to Bilford?"

"Better than seven mile, your honor."

"If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew."

"Every one of them, your honor; but it aint possible."

"I think a man might swim out."

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You wont draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to be lost: lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket, then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. "You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that."

Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do," he said, "mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clear start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved outwards; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the springing-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its centre. The water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises



far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks, and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the waters. "Ship a-hoy!" shouts a loud, clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. "Throw me a rope or a buoy!" The life-buoy was still hanging in its accustomed place by the mainmast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and with well-directed aim throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, sir," he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the lower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board—then a second—and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking-up, and there is a lady passenger. Whilst the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her up on his left arm, steadies himself with his right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear—five minutes more, and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with branky and blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and, thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady, whom Tyrawley had deposited in

a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half-past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavor to ascertain what was going on. The excitement culminated when the miscellaneous assemblage who had conducted the captain and some of the crew to the Hall, after being well-supplied with ale and stronger liquids, conceived that it would be the correct thing to give three cheers at the hour of half-past five.

It was then that Lord Todmulton, an Irish peer, laboring under an erroneous impression that the house was attacked, was discovered on the landing-place, in array consisting principally of a short dressing-gown, flannel-waistcoat, and a fowling-piece.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished, and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain any thing like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain appeared, and though almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question, Who was it who swam out to the vessel. Tyrawley had only been at Ravelstoke a few days, and was a stranger in the neighborhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognize him.

"I scarcely saw him," said the captain, "but he was a dark, tallish man, with a great deal of beard."

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Miss Constance Baynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair.

"Well, d'ye see, Miss, I can't exactly say, for he hadn't much on; but, if he isn't, he'd make a good one, that I'll go bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw. Stay, now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he pulled his fore-lock, half-laughing-like, and said, 'Come on board, sir,' to me, when we pulled him up."

"Perhaps it was Rutherford," said Mr. Ravelstoke, naming the lieutenant in the navy; "he is tall and dark."

"And he has been letting his mustache grow since he came on shore," observed a young lady.

"Where is he?"

But Mr. Rutherford was gone down to the cliff to inspect the scene of the disaster.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the butler, "it could not have been any gentleman stopping in the house, for the door was fastened till the people came down to tell you of the wreck."

At this moment—half-past ten, A.M.—Mr. Tyrawley walked into the breakfast-room. He was got up, if possible, more elaborately than usual.

"Now, here's a gentleman, captain, Mr. Tyrawley, who has been all over the world, and met with some strange adventures. I'll be bound he never saw anything to equal the affair of last night."

"You'd a nearish thing of it, captain?" inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity.

"Five minutes more, sir, and Davy Jones' locker would have held us all. Begging your pardon, Miss," apologizing to Constance.

The captain had already repeated the story a reasonable number of times, and was anxious to finish his breakfast. So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

"Well, Mr. Tyrawley," said she at last, "what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?"

"Why, I think, Miss Baynton,—I think," said he, hesitating, "that he must have got very wet. And I sincerely hope he won't catch cold."

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty little foot under the table.

Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Miss Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking the door on his left

opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak, and there are some voices which a woman never forgets, and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence.

She laid her hand upon his arm, and said, "O, sir, how can I thank you?"

Tyrawley rose as in duty bound, saying, "Do not speak of it, I did not know when I came off, that I was to have the pleasure of assisting you."

But the astonishment of the captain was beautiful to behold.

"Why, you don't mean to say— Well, I never;—dash my wig—well I'm— Here, shake hands, sir, will you." And he stretched across the table a brawny hand, not much smaller than a shoulder of mutton.

The grip with which Tyrawley met his, seemed to do a great deal more to convince him of his identity, than the lady's recognition of their preserver.

The day was as wet as the preceding. Half-an-hour after breakfast, Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynton, and by the singular coincidence which favors lovers or historians, she sat alone.

Now Constance had made up her mind that she was bound to apologize to Mr. Tyrawley for her rude speeches of yesterday; she had also decided that she would compliment him on his gallant conduct.

She had, in fact, arranged a neat, quiet, cold, formal, appropriate form of words in which she would give her views expression. And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said, "O Mr. Tyrawley!" and burst into tears.

If a proud woman's pride is a shield to thee, O man, as well as to her, against the arrows of love, remember, that if ever she throws it away—after she has compelled you to acknowledge its value—you are both left utterly defenceless.

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at once. They are to be married this month. And if Mr. Tyrawley does not, at some future time, achieve a reputation which no mystery shall cloud, it will not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault.

HERBERT VAUGHAN.

From The Press.

*The Great Tribulation; or, the Things Coming on the Earth.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: Bentley.

GROSS injustice has been done this book by hasty and clever critics, who have forgotten that personalities amusing to the reader are not a critical review. We shall notice by and by several points of difference between ourselves and the author. But at the outset we must apprise the reader that this is not a volume of mere wild speculation,—on the contrary, there is an eminently practical and useful purpose pervading it. And as regards literary ability, it is perhaps the most eloquent and masterly that Dr. Cumming has produced.

It would, we apprehend, be altogether at variance with the intention and expectation of the writer of this volume, to subject its contents to the test of a critical examination. Nothing, we feel persuaded, is further from Dr. Cumming's thoughts than to present himself before the public either as a prophet or as an exegetical interpreter of prophecy. Notwithstanding some few indications which seem to tend to a contrary conclusion, we venture to doubt whether he has, even in his own mind, any thing like a regular system of prophetic exegesis, any calendar, or digest of future events, such as other interpreters of prophecy have laboriously constructed. He does indeed occasionally refer to definite dates and a superficial reader of his book might easily adopt the conclusion that Dr. Cumming had fixed on the year 1867, as the date of the end of the world. On more careful examination, however, it will be found that he does no such thing. The very lecture which bears the ominous heading of that year, and in which he adduces, chiefly on the authority of other writers on prophecy, a variety of dates and calculations, Christian and Rabbinical, Mahomedan and Pagan, which all lead up to the year 1867, concludes with an express disclaimer of any desire on his part to fix upon that date. "I do not venture to dogmatize" he adds, with a modesty not unbecoming the subject,— "I do not attempt to dictate—I do not presume to decide."

It will, no doubt, be a relief to many—it is so, we frankly own, to ourselves—to be thus furnished with an express license from the learned doctor himself to attach to those portions of his book which more or less wear the appearance of definite prognostications of the

future as much or as little value as the argument may seem to warrant. When a writer on prophecy proceeds step by step to identify predictions with events, whether events already past or events yet future, there is a danger of his entangling himself and his readers in the meshes of a prophetic net from which there is no escape. Having nailed you to one of his interpretations, he has you in his power. When he comes to the next link in his chain, he fastens you to that also, until he brings you to the year 1867, or any other date to which his system converges, with the same methodical certainty with which the clock brings the hour-hand round to the figure XII.

No such process of mental torture is brought to bear by Dr. Cumming either on his own mind or on the minds of his readers. His lectures on "The Great Tribulation" are discursive rather than argumentative; they deal in suggestions rather than in proofs. In adopting this line of treatment, he has, we think, done wisely—and certainly with success; otherwise he would not, within a few weeks of the first publication of his volume, have had the opportunity of displaying the words "Third Thousand" on its titlepage. So rapid a success must be highly gratifying to the author, who seems hardly to have expected it; for we observe that, on more than one occasion, he expresses his fear lest the notions he propounds should be unpopular. After the run which his book has had, he will, probably, in a future revision of the text, modify the deprecatory language of those passages to which we allude.

Taking then, these lectures for what, if we understand Dr. Cumming aright, they profess to be,—discourses illustrative and conjectural on miscellaneous topics more or less directly connected with the time of the end, and the future destiny of man and man's world,—it appears to us that they are admirably calculated for the object in view, that of startling men's minds and arresting their attention by the novelty of the scenes and ideas presented to their contemplation. Many who would have eschewed the subject altogether in the severer form of a treatise on prophecy, will be attracted by the lively and imaginative style of our author, and may pick up a capital notion here and there, all the more so because he does not attempt to impose any constraint upon their reasoning faculties. There is be-

tween a set volume of prophetic interpretation and these lectures much the same difference as between a ponderous tome full of geographical and topographical details and a tourist's diary. It is wonderful,—if the subject were less grave, we might be tempted to say entertaining,—to observe the agility with which Dr. Cumming steps up and down among the facts both of history and of prophecy, turning from one to the other, and extracting from each what he conceives will be appreciated by the popular mind. This is a rare gift and a high talent. No previous preparation, no tedious study of prophetic keys, types, or figures is required here. The most ordinary reader may follow him as he dashes in *medias res* coupling with facts and images of the most familiar kind associations and reflections which, at first, perhaps, take you rather by surprise, yet leave an impression upon your mind that “after all there may be something in it,” till, as you read on, you find yourself enriched by a goodly store of prophetic conjectures. There was a book published a few years ago under the title “Guesses at Truth.” The title struck us as piquant; and we should say that “Guesses at Prophecy” would not have been a bad title for Dr. Cumming's book, though the one he has chosen is doubtless preferable.

As to the value of these “guesses,” opinions will, of course, differ very considerably. For our own part we confess that to some of them we do not feel inclined to attach much weight. The great vivacity of his spirit, perhaps the excitement inseparable from the delivery of popular lectures, has occasionally betrayed our author into attaching to particular facts more importance than they seem entitled to. When, for example, he instances the visitation of the cholera in 1849 as one of a series of striking facts, characteristic of the last period of the world,—supposed to run from 1848 or 1849 to 1867,—one's mind is involuntarily carried back some fifteen or sixteen years to the first appearance of the cholera in this country, which of course does away with its peculiar significance at the later date of its reappearance. In like manner we cannot help thinking that too much stress is laid upon the war in the Crimea, the magnitude of which, as compared with other wars, is due rather to our own nearness to it in point of time, than to its nature, its duration, or its results. His interpretation of prophetic figures, too, does not always

commend itself to our minds. Yet he is probably right in his suggestion that the apocalyptic prediction “there shall be no more sea,” is not to be taken literally; that it merely means that “the winds and sea will be in sweet harmony,”—that there will be no more pitching and rolling—with its distressing results—no more drowning, no more naval battles; and that, apart from the more pleasant character of the watery element, the sea will be in a manner annihilated by the electric telegraph, enabling England and America to hold sisterly converse like Mary and Martha, and that, as he charitably hopes, on other subjects besides the price of Funds.

We are bound to add, and we do so not without regret, that there are among the theological statements of Dr. Cumming some from which, if our space admitted of it, we should feel it our duty formally to record our dissent. We allude, in the first place, to his avowal that, if compelled to make a choice, he would be “tempted to take Mahometanism in preference” to either “the Romanism of the Western” or “the superstition of the Russo-Greek Church.” We sincerely hope that Dr. Cumming will never be reduced to so shocking an alternative; but if he were, we make no doubt that upon further acquaintance with the Koran he would decline to give in his adhesion to a system which amounts to a virtual denial of Christ, and would still prefer the Bible, even in the Douay version. We are confirmed in this belief by his declaration in another part of the volume that he does not think it impossible for a Roman Catholic to be saved. The idea broached elsewhere, that “many a Jew has seen, and clung to, and held fast, Christ the Saviour as revealed in Isaiah liii., while he did not receive him as proclaimed in the New Testament,” appears to us rather startling nor are we altogether reconciled to it by the remark that “the Gospel is not so cramped as we sometimes think.” Coming from any other pen, we might have been tempted to designate this sentiment as somewhat latitudinarian; but we are restrained from doing so by Dr. Cumming's express protest in another place against the popular feeling of indifference to Christian truth and pure and Scriptural doctrine.

In popular lectures, we have no right to look for philological accuracy. When, therefore, Dr. Cumming tells us the proper meaning of Gospel, according to the etymology of



the Greek word, is "God's spell"—as if the Greek were not "*Evangel*," i.e. "good spell," but "*Theangel*"—all we can do is to set it down as one of those *lapses* incidental to extempore addresses, which, happily, cannot greatly signify in the case of an author whose reputation for scholarship is beyond cavil.

All these, however are minor blemishes in a book which contains so much interesting matter, and incidentally urges, with Dr. Cumming's accustomed fire of thought and fluency of speech, many practical points of Christian faith and practice. In some of the lectures, he holds up the mirror of truth to the age with a fidelity which does him great credit. Nor, whatever

exception may be taken to some of the inferences which he draws from particular facts, is it possible to resist the conviction that, on the whole, the present aspect of the world, social, political, and religious, indicates the approach of some tremendous crisis. The very fact that prophetic inquiries are as extensively prosecuted as they are in our day, and that not only by sombre students among piles of musty tomes, but in the more exhilarating atmosphere of the popular lecture-room,—the very appearance, indeed, of such a volume as this of Dr. Cumming, may, if he will allow us to pay him that compliment, be accepted as one of "the signs of the times."

**NOAH'S ARK AND THE GREAT EASTERN.**—A day or two since we presented the relative proportions of the two greatest vessels ever constructed—Noah's Ark and Scott Russell's *Great Eastern*—from which it appeared that the *Great Eastern* is one hundred and thirty-three feet longer than was the ark, and about three feet deeper, but not so broad within eight feet. As an illustration of the change in ideas of navigation which the building of the *Great Eastern* is calculated to produce, we will quote the following paragraph from an elaborate article issued some thirteen years since, in the *Church of England Quarterly*, on the deluge, and republished in Littell's *Living Age*:—

"Now, as it is clearly impossible that a vessel of the length and breadth of the Ark could be otherwise than a floating vessel, designed entirely for perfectly still waters, we have supposed it to be flat-bottomed and straight-sided: both as making it the more buoyant and as giving to it the greatest capacity. It was devoid of all sailing properties; had neither rigging nor rudder; its build was simply that of a huge float, to all outward appearance wholly at the mercy of the winds and the waves, liable to be drifted or driven about according as currents or winds for the time prevailed; but, as we shall show, the ark could not for a moment have been subjected to the influence of either winds or tides. The extraordinary length of the ark proves, at once, the miraculous power that was, at every moment, in exercise for its preservation, since no vessel of the Ark's proportions could naturally live in disturbed waters; *the very first wave that rose would inevitably break its back and rend it entirely asunder; nor with all our experience in ship-building would it be possible to construct a vessel of the ark's proportions and to navigate it from Dover to Calais in rough weather*—the least swell of the ocean, by raising one end and depressing the other would break it in the middle and cause it to founder, nor could any possible contrivance or ingenuity of construction prevent this consequence. And if the very peculiar construction of the ark had not

made such a conclusion irresistible, the purpose for which it was built would have proved that such was the fact, for had the ark pitched in the least from the swell of the waves, or rolled at all from side to side under the influence of the wind, which from its *great length and little width, it must most distressingly have done*, the whole world of animals therein contained could not have kept their footing; of very necessity therefore a dead calm must have prevailed around the ark during the whole of the one hundred and fifty days that it was floating on the waters."

Here, we see, it is said that a vessel as long as the ark could not possibly live except in a dead calm—that the least agitation would break its back—and that a *continuous miracle* was necessary to avert such a catastrophe. Yet here is the *Great Eastern*, one hundred and thirty-three feet longer, about to navigate not "from Dover to Calais" but from England to America, and afterwards to go half round the world, making sport of all the winds and waves. It is said, too, that the "great length and little width" of the ark would have caused such a pitching and rolling that the animals inside could not have kept their footing. Yet here is a ship a great deal longer and materially narrower that will, if what they premise of it is true, maintain a condition of almost perfect equilibrium and repose even in the roughest weather.

The late Dr. Scorsby conclusively established by a series of experiments on the waves of the Atlantic that a vessel of some six hundred feet in length, could never fall into the trough of the sea, as one wave would counteract the effect of another. Thus, instead of a miracle to save the ark's back, it would have taken a miracle to have broken its back, constructed as it was. The English Churchman is not the first man who has been superserviceable in clearing up Scripture difficulties which had no existence but in his own imagination. The sacred record needs no eking out by human ingenuity; it is best left to its own simple statement.—*New York Courier*.



From Once a Week.

# THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

BY CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBOEN, R.N.

IN 1848, the public alarm at the long-continued absence of Franklin's Expedition occasioned the search to be commenced. Those who were sent knew no more than Franklin did on leaving England of the geography of the vast region between Lancaster Sound and Behring's Strait; and in all that area, many tens of thousands of square miles, we had to seek two atoms—two ships. The labor was long and disheartening; for, with the exception of the discovery in 1850 of Franklin's winter quarters of 1845-46, under Beechey Island, no clue to their whereabouts was found until near the fall of 1854. That discovery at Beechey Island merely assured us that he was within the area above alluded to, and that his expedition had not perished, as some supposed, in Baffin's Bay. During those six years, however, the entire geography of the regions of Arctic America was made known; and, with the exception of a small portion around King William's Land, every coast, creek, and harbor thoroughly searched; and it should be remembered, that these explorations were nearly all made by our seamen and officers on foot, dragging sledges, on which were piled tents, provision, fuel for cooking, and raiment. This sledging was brought to perfection by Captain McClintock. He made one foot journey in those regions with Sir James Ross in 1848 with the equipment then known to Arctic navigators, and such as Franklin probably had, and was struck with its imperfections, and the total impossibility of making long journeys with *matériel* so clumsy, and entailing so much unnecessary labor upon the seamen. His suggestions were subsequently eagerly adopted, and in some cases improved upon by others; the consequence was, that whereas in 1848 we found our sledge-parties able to remain away from the frozen-in ships only forty days to explore two hundred miles of coast, those of Captain Horatio Austin's expedition were away for eighty days, and went over eight hundred miles of ground. And in Sir Edward Belcher's expedition the journeys extended over a hundred and odd days, and distances were accomplished of nearly one thousand four hundred miles!

In spite of these improvements, the labor and hardship entailed upon our seamen by

these sledge-journeys remained extremely severe; and none but those who have witnessed it can conceive the constant suffering it entailed upon our men, or the unflagging zeal and earnestness with which they underwent it year after year, in the hope of discovering their lost countrymen. There were two points to be ascertained by the officers conducting the search in order to insure the utmost possible amount of work being done each season: the one was the maximum weight a strong man could drag through deep snow and over heavy ice for a consecutive number of days; the other was, to what temperature we could safely expose them, and upon how small a quantity of food.

The results obtained were curious. The maximum weight was ascertained to be two hundred and twenty pounds per man; and of that weight three pounds per diem was consumed by each man for food and fuel;—viz., one pound of bread, and one pound of meat; the other pound comprised his spirits, tea, cocoa, sugar, tobacco, and *fuel for cooking*. Upon this estimate it was found that, for a hundred days' journey, they could march ten miles per diem, and endure a temperature with impunity of fifty or sixty degrees below the freezing-point of water. These facts we offer for the information of military authorities; and they should remember, that our men dragged their tents with them, and that the country traversed was one vast desert, affording only water, though that had to be thawed from snow, out of the daily modicum of fuel.

All this labor, however—all this generous expenditure of the legislature of England on behalf of her people, who entered deeply and earnestly into the sad question, What has become of Franklin?—brought back no information of his fate: and still further to test the perseverance which forms the best trait of our national character, the fall of 1854 witnessed the abandonment in icy seas of a noble expedition of four ships. It was indeed a catastrophe, though neither an officer nor a man was lost. The "I told you so" rang through the land of those who had long since got rid of the question by tumbling icebergs over on top of the Erebus and Terror; and those who felt convinced that the mystery would yet be unravelled, sighed, and knew not where to look for support. The skill and hardihood of the officers—the devotion and

zeal of our sailors, and the accomplishment of the north-west passage by Captain Sir Robert M'Clure—were accepted by the public as some consolation for the wounded maritime pride of Britain in the inconclusive allied war with Russia, though it was decided that no further search should be made on the part of the government.

Hardly had men declared the solution of the fate of the lost expedition a hopeless task, when in October, 1854, from the shores of Prince Regent's Inlet, appeared a traveller, Dr. Rae, bringing the conclusive information, which we mentioned in the end of our last number, of the starvation of a forlorn hope of forty men and officers from the *Erebus* and *Terror*, at the mouth of the Great Fish River. The Esquimaux from whom he obtained his intelligence, told him that the two ships had been beset, or wrecked, off the coast of King William's Land.

The lost expedition was thus reported to be in the centre of the square of unsearched ground, before alluded to. It would have been far more easily accessible to our various expeditions, whether by way of Barrow, or Behring's Strait, than many of the more remote regions explored by them; but, by a strange fatality, all our travellers turned back short of the goal, because they found no cairn, no trace, no record to induce them to push on towards it. However, that there the lost ships were, no one who knew any thing of the matter could then doubt; and of course the natural conclusion under such circumstances was, that some one of the Arctic ships in our dockyards would have been immediately sent to close the search in a satisfactory manner, even though all hope of saving life might be at an end. The admiralty and government thought otherwise; all public endeavors ceased; and, as is too often the case in Britain, private enterprise was left to crown the column which the devotion of a public profession had served to erect. At this juncture, the widow of Franklin stepped forth to carry out what the admirals in Whitehall and statesmen in Downing Street declared to be an impossibility. This energetic, self-reliant woman, seconded by a few stanch friends, pre-eminent amongst whom stood Sir Roderick Murchison, proceeded for the third time to try to carry out by private means what ignorance, rather than ill-will, prevented the admiralty from executing, for, after the death

of Barrow, and Beaufort, and the retirement of Admiral Hamilton, the only person left at the Board who understood the question was Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, and he stood alone in voting for a final government expedition. Lady Franklin's plan was to send a single vessel down from Prince Regent's Inlet, or Cape Walker, towards King William's Land. Twice already had she been foiled in this identical scheme; though on the last occasion the discovery of Bellot's Strait, leading direct to King William's Land, paved the way for her final effort.

An appeal to the public for pecuniary aid met with but partial success, and Lady Franklin had to sacrifice all her available property and live humbly in lodgings to enable her to meet the necessary expenses attendant on the purchase of a fine screw schooner yacht, the *Fox*, and her equipment for Arctic service. Many able officers of the naval and mercantile marine came generously forward and volunteered their gratuitous services. Amongst the first was Captain George H. Richards; but hardly had his offer been accepted, when the admiralty appointed him to the *Plumper* for a survey of Vancouver's Land. His place was almost immediately filled by Captain Leopold M'Clintock, whose high reputation during years of continuous service in those frozen seas rendered his acquisition an omen of perfect success.

Various circumstances combined to retard the departure of the gallant little *Fox*, and it was not until July, 1857, that she and her noble company put forth from Aberdeen. Round Captain M'Clintock stood twenty-five gallant men, including three officers and an interpreter. Allen Young, a generous captain of whom the merchant service have good reason to be proud, went as sailing-master, and not only gave his services gratuitously, but threw £500 into the general fund for expenses. Lieutenant Hobson, of the Navy, served as chief officer, and Dr. Walker of Belfast, a young and rising medical man, went also to seek honor where so many of his gallant countrymen had already won it. Petersen, the Dane, who had spent half his life within the arctic zone, quitted Copenhagen at an hour's notice to aid Captain M'Clintock as Esquimaux interpreter; and amongst the men were many gallant fellows who had for years labored under her majesty's pendant in the frozen north.

The Fox before long reached the edge of that vast belt of broken-up ice which all the summer stretches across the upper portion of Baffin's Bay, and is known under the general term of middle-ice. M'Clintock was late, the season unfavorable, his vessel a small one, yet he fought a gallant fight to make his way to Lancaster Sound. Repulsed in one quarter, we see him doubling back to another, the tiny Fox struggling with a sea of ice-fields and icebergs—stout hearts and strong hands carrying her and her company through many a hairbreadth escape. The middle-ice, however, is too strong for them. In an unlucky hour they are imprisoned, ice surrounds them, water even in holes becomes daily less, winter sweeps down from her dreary home, and all that vast sea of broken ice becomes frozen together. They are beset for the winter, and must go with the ice wherever it pleases. Twenty-five men in a tiny craft drifting throughout that long dark winter, in the midst of a slow-marching pack, which ever rolls from the pole to the equator, was a strange and solemn spectacle. The calm and modest endurance of their six months' trial, as told by the gallant leader, is a thing to make one proud that such as they are our countrymen.

Late in April, 1858, the Fox may again be seen; she has approached the open sea; a furious storm arises, sending huge rollers under the ice, which heaves and rears on all sides. A battle for life commences between the stout yacht and the charging floes. Under sail and steam, she works out against all obstacles, and, thanks to a taper bow, escapes the destruction which would infallibly have overtaken a vessel of bluffer build. The sea is sighted, and eventually entered; all on board the Fox are well, all in good spirits, one of the company has alone perished by an accident. Fortune ever smiles upon the resolute, and the middle-ice no longer barred the road to Lancaster Sound; by the end of July the Fox had reached its entrance. The hardy whaling-men of Aberdeen and Hull, who had just returned to their fishing-ground from home, cheered the little craft on with many a hearty "God speed ye!" and shared with those on board the Fox their luxuries of frozen fresh beef and vegetables. Beyond the haunts of whale fishermen, and beyond those even of the still harder Esquimaux, the Fox must press on. Beechey Island is reached, and

from the depot of provisions left there by government expeditions, the now diminished stock of the schooner is replenished, and, favored by an extraordinarily open season, Captain M'Clintock was able to reach Cape Walker and pass down Peel Strait towards King William's Land until brought up, on August 17th, by fixed ice, at a point twenty-five miles within its entrance. Baffled, but not disheartened, Captain M'Clintock bethought himself of the route suggested by Lady Franklin, by way of Prince Regent's Inlet and Bellot Strait, and with that decision which, combined with sound judgment, forms the most valuable qualification of an Arctic navigator, he immediately retraced his steps, and by the 20th, or three days later, was at the eastern entrance of Bellot Strait, watching for a chance to push through it into the western sea around King William's Land.

The scene in that strait was enough to daunt men less accustomed to such dangers. On either hand precipitous walls of granite, topped by mountains ever covered with snow, whilst to and fro, in the space between them, the ice was grinding and churning with great violence under the influence of a fierce tide. Like a terrier at a rat-hole, the staunch Fox waited for an opportunity to run the gauntlet through this strait. This perseverance was partially rewarded, for on the 6th September they were able to reach its western entrance, though again to be brought up by a belt of fixed ice which stretched across the path, and was held together by a group of islands named after Sir Roderick Murchison. The winter of 1858-9 now set in, and, much to the chagrin of those on board the Fox, all hope of reaching the western sea had to be abandoned, although separated from them only by an ice field six miles wide. An unusually cold and stormy winter had now to be endured by men debilitated by a previous winter in the packed ice of Baffin's Bay; and the resources of Boothia Felix yielded them in fresh food only eight reindeer, two bears, and eighteen seals. Against these privations, however, there was a feeling of perfect confidence that the returning spring would enable them to march to King William's Land, and solve the mystery.

On February 17th, Captains M'Clintock and Young left the Fox to establish advanced depôts of provision for the summer sledge parties, a necessary measure which Lieutenant Hobson had been nearly lost in attempting to

accomplish the previous autumn. M'Clintock went south towards the Magnetic Pole, and Young westerly for Prince of Wales' Land. On the 15th March they both returned to the Fox, somewhat cut up by the intense cold and privation, but the cheers which rang through the little craft told that a clue had indeed been obtained to the fate of the Erebus and Terror. M'Clintock had met forty-five Esquimaux, and during a sojourn of four days amongst them had learnt that "several years ago a ship was crushed by the ice off the north shore of King William's Land; that her people landed and went away to the Great Fish River, where they died." These natives had a quantity of wood from a boat left by the "starving white men" on the Great River. The impatience of all on board the Fox to start with their sledges to the westward may be easily understood. The Esquimaux mentioning only one ship as having been sunk, gave rise to the hope that the other vessel would be found, and obliged Captain M'Clintock to detach a party under Captain Young towards Prince of Wales' Land, whilst he and Lieutenant Hobson went south for King William's Land and the Fish River.

On the 2nd of April the three officers left the ship with a man-sledge and a dog-sledge to each. Of Captain Young we may say that he made a most successful and lengthy journey, connecting the unexplored coast-lines of all the land to the northward and westward, and correcting its position, but without finding a single cairn or record left by Franklin. Captain M'Clintock and Hobson went together as far as the Magnetic Pole, and, before parting company, gathered from some natives that the second vessel, hitherto unaccounted for, had been drifted on shore by the ice in the fall of the same year that the other ship was crushed. Captain M'Clintock undertook to go down the east-side of King William's Land direct to the Fish River, and taking up the clue which Mr. Anderson's journey to Montreal Island, in 1855, afforded him,—follow it whither it led. Hobson had to cross to the North Cape of King William's Land, and push down the west coast as far as possible.

Captain M'Clintock, when half-way down the east coast of King William's Island, met a party of Esquimaux who had been, in 1857, at the wreck spoken of by their countrymen. Their route to her had been across King Wil-

liam's Land, and they readily bartered away all the articles taken out of her. An intelligent old woman said it was in the fall of the year that the ship was forced on shore; that the starving white men had fallen on their way to the Great River, and that their bodies were found by her countrymen in the following winter. She told that, on board the wrecked ship, there was one dead white man,—"a tall man with long teeth and large bones." There had been "at one time many books on board of her, as well as other things; but all had been taken away or destroyed when she was last at the wreck."

The destruction of one ship and the wreck of the other, appeared, so far as M'Clintock could ascertain, to have occurred subsequently to their abandonment. No Esquimaux that were met had ever before seen a living white man; and, although great thieves, they appeared to be in nowise alarmed at Captain M'Clintock or his men. From this party the gallant captain pushed on for Montreal Island; but he found nothing there more than Anderson had reported, and in a careful sweep of the shores about Point Ogle and Barrow Island he was equally unsuccessful.

Returning to King William's Land he now struck along the south-western shores in the hope of discovering the wreck spoken of by the natives at Cape Norton. She must, however, have been swept away by the ice, in 1858, or sunk, for no signs of her could be discovered. The Esquimaux had evidently carried off every trace left by the retreating party between Cape Herschel and Montreal Island, except the skeleton of one man ten miles south of Cape Herschel, and the remains of a plundered cairn on the cape itself. The skeleton lay exactly as the famished seaman had fallen, with his head towards the Great Fish River, and his face to the ground; and those who fancy that Fitzjames or Crozier would still have dragged log books and journals to that river, must explain away the charge of common humanity which such an hypothesis involves, when they appear not to have had time to turn over, much less to bury their perishing comrades. Beyond the western extremity of King William's Land, the Esquimaux appeared not to have travelled, and from thence to Cape Felix the beach was strewn with the wreck of that disastrous retreat of Franklin's people, of which we endeavored in an earlier number to convey some



idea. Lieutenant Hobson had of course forestalled Captain M'Clintock in the discoveries made here, but what with the search made by that officer both on his outward and homeward march, as well as that subsequently carried out by Captain M'Clintock over the same ground, there cannot be much reason to suppose that any undiscovered documents exist; and all who know any thing of those regions will agree with Captain M'Clintock in believing that all hope is now at an end of finding any one living of the unfortunate crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. With respect to the existence of abundance of animal life on King William's Land, the fact that only forty natives in all were found living on that island by Captain M'Clintock ought to be pretty conclusive; the Esquimaux would take care to be in any such arctic paradise; and furthermore, had game been plentiful anywhere within a hundred miles of the *Erebus* and

*Terror*, it is not likely that those poor fellows would have quitted their ships in a season so rigorous, and so long before the Great Fish River would be open for navigation. We should be the last to say this, if there were a shadow of foundation for further hope, either to save life or to obtain such records as would throw more light on the labors and zeal of those noble ships' companies.

As those men fell in their last sad struggle to reach home, their prayer must have been that their countrymen might learn how nobly they accomplished the task they had voluntarily undertaken. That prayer has been granted. As long as Britain exists, or our language is spoken, so long will be remembered and related the glorious fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and how nobly they died in the execution of their duty to their queen and country.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSE explained the meaning of the history of Peter Schlemihl, the shadowless man, in the preface of a French translation of his tale. The solid body alone casts a shadow. "The science of finance instructs us sufficiently respecting the value of money; the value of a shadow is less generally acknowledged. My thoughtless friend was covetous of money, of which he knew the value, and forgot to think upon solid substance." Chamisso wrote Peter Schlemihl in a Prussian solitude, in which he devoted himself to botany and zoölogy, and in the year 1813, when the insolidity of the type Frenchman—Bonaparte—was the great fact of the time. Whether conqueror or covetous man, he who forgets the essential for the accessory sells his shadow to the Grey Man. "It was," says Chamisso, "the wish of my friend that the lesson which he had paid for so dearly should be turned to our profit, and his bitter experience calls to us with a loud voice, 'Think on the solid—the substantial!'"

**ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.**—Another progressive step towards the possibility of creating diamonds by a chemical process has been realized in the fact that sapphires have been so produced. M. Gaudin has communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, a process for obtaining alumina—the clay which yields the new metal called aluminum—in transparent crystals, which therefore present the same chemical composition as the natural stone known under the name of sapphire. To obtain them, he lines a common crucible with a coating of lamp-black, and introduces into it equal proportions of alum and

sulphate of potash, reduced to a powder and calcined. He then exposes it for fifteen minutes to the fire of a common forge. The crucible is then allowed to cool, and on breaking it, the surface of the lamp-black coating is found covered with numerous brilliant points, composed of sulphuret of potassium, enveloping the crystals of alumina obtained, or, in other words, real sapphires or corundum. The size of the crystals is large in proportion to the mass operated upon; those obtained by M. Gaudin are about a millimètre, or 3-100ths of an inch in diameter, and half a millimètre in height. They are so hard that they have been found to be preferable to rubies for the purposes of watch-making. It is thus that chemistry, by pursuing the recognized course of natural causes, will in its operation achieve similar results, and produce the diamond.—*Willis' Current Notes.*

THE mysterious regions of Central America, which Stephens was unable to penetrate, have yielded up their secrets to the enterprise of a French savant, M. Mirelet, who has lately completed a scientific exploration of the country around Lake Peten, and the neighboring regions of Yucatan, Vera Paz, etc., not before visited or described by white men since the time of Cortez. His work, entitled "Itza, or Travels in the Unexplored Regions of Central America," is in preparation, and will shortly be issued. It is translated by Mrs. E. G. Squier, and will be accompanied by a map and illustrations from the original, which has never been published, but was privately printed in Paris as a scientific report to the society from which the expedition emanated.



From Fraser's Magazine.

### HALLUCINATIONS.\*

M. BRIERRE DE BOISMONT is well known in England as a physician of large experience among the insane, and as an author of mark on many subjects connected with the physiology and pathology of the mind. He is also favorably distinguished from most of his countrymen by the pains he has taken to make himself acquainted with the labors of his contemporaries on this side the channel, with some of whom he is on terms of intimacy. The latest production of his pen is now before us in an English dress. The work of translation has been faithfully performed by Mr. Hulme, who has also succeeded in condensing a work of which the chief defect was diffuseness and repetition, without impairing its value as an exponent of a very interesting and important subject.

The intellectual repast provided for us by the author consists of nearly one hundred and fifty cases selected from the best authorities, French, German, and English, arranged in order, and serving as illustrations of the principles laid down in the early chapters of his work. The cases themselves, apart from the running commentary which connects them, and serves to enhance their value, would prove full of interest for the intelligent student; but when taken with the judicious remarks of M. de Boismont, they will be found to combine the charms of authentic fact, lucid arrangement, and sound philosophy.

Before we proceed to place the author's labors under contribution for the edification of our readers, we must indulge ourselves in a brief dissertation on the meaning of the word hallucination. The discussions which took place on the occasion of the trial of Buranelli, respecting the meaning which ought to attach to the cognate words *illusion* and *delusion* must serve as our apology for the slight delay involved in this our verbal criticism.

There are three words in common use among the learned in disorders of the mind—*illusion*, *delusion*, and *hallucination*; and it would greatly conduce to clearness and precision in the treatment of a subject in which

these qualities are specially required, if we could arrive at some distinct understanding respecting these terms. Now, there should be no doubt or difficulty about the two words *illusion* and *delusion*. *Illusion* certainly should mean a false sensation, and *delusion* a false idea. The one (*illusion*) is an error of the senses, in which the mind, if sound, has no part; the other (*delusion*) an error of the mind, in which it is not necessary that the senses should participate. But the word *hallucination*, though perhaps used in France with the requisite precision, has not met with such judicious treatment in England. Among scientific writers it is sometimes used as synonymous with *illusion*, sometimes with *delusion*. Our older writers, too, both classical and medical, employed the word in different senses. Addison, for instance, says, of a mere typographical error, "This must have been the *hallucination* of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *t* for a *i*;" and Byrom tells us of "some poor *hallucinating* scribe's mistake." Boyle, too, speaks of "a few *hallucinations* about a subject to which the greatest clerks have been generally such strangers." In the first two passages the word is used somewhat in the sense of an *illusion*, but in the third in the sense of a *delusion*. The two great physicians, Sir Thomas Browne and Harvey, evidently use the word in opposite senses; for Sir Thomas Browne, discoursing upon the sight, says, "if vision be abolished, it is called *cæcitas* or blindness; if depraved, and receive its objects erroneously, *hallucination*." But Harvey, speaking of "a wasting of the flesh without cause," tells us that it "is frequently termed a bewitched disease; but unquestionless a mere *hallucination* of the vulgar." So that Harvey used the word in the sense of an error of the mind, Browne as an error of the sense of sight. As, however, the learned author of *Vulgar Errors* is defining the word, while Harvey uses it without any special weighing of its meaning—as two out of the three other authorities just quoted employ it in the sense which Sir Thomas Browne attaches to it, and most modern writers give it the same meaning—we will take an *hallucination* to be a depraved or erroneous action of the senses.

If we are justified in so defining the word *hallucination*, we are perhaps equally justified in urging our psychologists to abandon the use of the term in favor of the more simple wor

\* On Hallucinations: a History and Explanation of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasy, Magnetism, and Somnambulism. By A. Briere de Boismont, M.D. Translated from the French by Robert T. Hulme, F.L.S., M.R.C.S. London: Renshaw. 1869.

illusion. But we are afraid that M. Brierre de Boismont would not support us in this attempt at simplification, for he employs the word illusion in contradistinction to the word hallucination, defining an hallucination as "the perception of the sensible signs of an idea," and an illusion "as the false appreciation of real sensations." We, on the contrary, are disposed to make the word illusion do double duty, and to release the word hallucination from all its engagements. Defining an illusion as an error of sense, we should recognize two kinds of illusion, the one consisting in the falsification of real, the other in the creation of unreal, sensations. Thus a gentleman who, fresh from turtle-soup, punch, venison, and champagne, should contrive to convert a combination of lantern, turnip, broomstick, and sheet into a ghost, would be afflicted with the first form of illusion; while another gentleman who, under similar convivial influences, should succeed in manufacturing a ghost out of the unsubstantial air of a bleak common, with no object visible for miles, would be the subject of the second form of illusion. But the question whether we shall or shall not accept our author's definitions of hallucinations and illusions must not be allowed to divert us any longer from the more important contents of his work. We shall be turning these to the best account if we attempt, with his assistance, to give our own connected and continuous view of all that part of the large science of psychology which relates to the senses in their healthy and in their disordered conditions.

A man possessed of a sound mind in a healthy body, endowed with organs of sense of perfect construction, and keeping in all things within the bounds of temperance and moderation, would be absolutely free from illusions and hallucinations. His eye would present to him none but real sights, his ear would convey to him only real sounds. His sleep would not be disturbed by dreams. The only sensations not exactly corresponding to external objects which he would experience would consist in the substitution of the complementary colors for each other if he fatigued the eye by fixing it too long on some bright object. The golden sun would appear to his closed eyes like a violet-colored wafer, a window-frame would seem to have dark panes and light sashes, and a dark picture with a gilt frame would have its light and dark features transposed.

The perfect physical organization which we have just supposed would also be quite compatible with the hearing of sounds and the seeing of sights which can only be traced to their true source by the light of science or experience. A person thus happily endowed might judge wrongly of an echo or be misled by a mirage. He might be frightened by the Giant of the Brocken or enchanted by the castles of the Fairy Morgana. His sensations would be real, though the cause might be indirect or obscure.

The next onward step in the philosophy of the organs of sense is taken if, for the healthy man, we substitute the ailing child or less vigorous adult, on whose organs of sense sensations linger after the causes of them have been removed. Our author quotes from Abercrombie one case in which the eye was the seat of such a persistent sensation; and he might have drawn from the same source another in which the sense of hearing was similarly affected. A friend of the doctor had been for some time looking intently at a small print of the Virgin and Child. On raising his head, the two figures the size of life appeared at the end of the room, and continued visible for the space of two minutes.

From persistent sensations, or sensations reproduced involuntarily after a short interval, the transition is easy and natural to sensations prolonged or reproduced by an effort of the will. The power of bringing back the pictures of visible objects in the dark, or of restoring sounds in the silence, does not seem to be a very rare one. Many children possess it, and there are artists who are able to turn it to account. The painter whom Dr. Wigan represents as executing three hundred portraits in one year possessed this faculty of reproduction in an eminent degree. He placed each of a succession of sitters before him for half an hour, and looked at him attentively, sketching from time to time on the canvas. Having dismissed his last sitter, he began to paint the first of the series after a method described in these words: "I took the man and sat him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person; I may almost say more vividly. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as I should have done had the

sitter been there. When I looked at the chair I saw the man." This painter won distinction, and earned and saved money, but he spent thirty years of his life in a madhouse. On his release his right hand was found not to have lost its cunning: but the exercise of his art excited him too much; he gave up his painting, and died soon after.

Another step forward, and we come to the case of the child who covers himself with the bedclothes, and paints his miniature fancy scenes on his organ of vision; or of the poet who contrives, as Goethe did, to see what he fervently imagines; or of the actor Talma, who asserted of himself that he was in the habit of stripping his brilliant audiences of all covering, artificial and natural, till he left only bare skeletons behind; and that under the influence of the emotions excited by this strange spectral assembly he produced some of his most startling effects.

Such then, without making any pretence to minute accuracy, are the most familiar facts relating to the reproduction of sensations or their voluntary creation in the absence of the objects which usually occasion them.

Sensation without the immediate presence of an object of sense is assuredly a very wonderful phenomenon; but the seeing and hearing, the feeling, smelling, and tasting, of objects which have no existence, as the result of an involuntary operation of the brain, without any co-operation of the senses (for illusions have been shown to occur after the entire destruction of the organs of sense of which they might be supposed the scene), are among the most extraordinary facts of our complicated and marvellous organization. It is to this involuntary work of the brain that we would now invite the attention of the reader.

If we again assume as possible a perfectly healthy and perfectly temperate man, we can imagine such a man to be absolutely free from hallucinations, for we can imagine him free from dreams; but the vast majority of men have large experience of hallucinations as they occur in that imperfect sleep which favors the free play of the fancy. In this state we know that every sense may become in its turn the theatre of impressions that are not distinguishable from those which external objects occasion in the waking man; and these illusions of the senses are blended with delusions of the mind that rival them in vividness and reality.

Here let us pause a moment while we contemplate this wonderful phenomenon of dreams—this strange compound of illusions and delusions—this harmless analogue of madness—this most instructive and most humanizing plea for dealing cautiously and tenderly with the sorest trial and affliction of humanity. Fatigued by bodily labor, wearied by mental application, or tired of doing nothing, we escape from the discomfort of clothes, place ourselves in a position of rest, do our best to banish thought, shut out, if we can, both light and sound, and so fall asleep. There we lie, given up to the chemical changes and automatic movements of nutrition, circulation, and respiration, the pulse and breathing reduced to their lowest number, and every function of the frame to its lowest point of activity. Of the proximate cause of this state we know nothing, and the best guess we can make at it is that the balance of the circulation through the brain has been altered, and that whereas in our waking state the vessels conveying red blood to the head were kept filled by the more vigorous action of the heart, and the vessels conveying black blood from the head were comparatively empty, in our sleeping state the order of things is reversed, and the black blood predominates over the red. Be this as it may, a perfectly healthy change in the functions of the brain, and one not involving any permanent alteration in its structure, is found by universal experience to be accompanied by illusions of all the senses, and strange delusions of the mind, the illusions and delusions being mixed up into scenes as apparently real as the mixture of sensations, thoughts, and actions, which make up the transactions of our waking hours.

When these curious compounds of illusion and delusion are brought about by very slight departures from ideal perfect health, or when they occur during the short transition from sound sleep to perfect wakefulness, and are not attended by any painful sensation of oppression, suffocation, sinking, or struggling, we call them dreams; but if that single strawberry, or that modicum of pie-crust which we were so imprudent as to blend with that otherwise moderate and wholesome supper, should happen to disagree with us, and the indigestion which reveals itself to our waking man by too familiar symptoms in stomach and brain, in mind and temper, plants a cat, a

dog, or a demon upon our chests, raises us to giddy heights, plunges us to awful depths, sends us spinning like a top, or, more merciful, lends us wings to fly, or seven-league boots to clear oceans at a leap, then our dreams become nightmares, and we have opened out for contemplation the myriads of hallucinations which grow out of uneasy bodily sensations misinterpreted by a mind robbed by sleep of all its usual standards of comparison.

Of the varieties of nightmare, we have not space to speak at any length. Suffice it to state, that the sleeper sometimes betrays his trouble to the looker-on by restless tossings about, while at other times he appears to be in a sound sleep; that generally he wakes up in a paroxysm of terror struggling hopelessly for breath, for power of speech, or movement; and that, in some few instances, the unreal sensations are for a short space of time believed to be real, to the imminent danger of sleeping neighbors. For some interesting cases of nightmare repeated night after night (in some instances at the same hour), and of nightmare attacking a number of persons at the same time, and with the self-same hallucination, the reader is referred to M. Brierre de Boismont. Also for much curious information on dreams, somnambulism, ecstasy, and animal magnetism. We have marked some of the cases cited under the head of dreams as misplaced, but the cases are so interesting in themselves that our criticism is disarmed as we read them.

From dreams, nightmares, somnambulism, and other analogous conditions fruitful in hallucinations, we pass on to abstinence, voluntary or enforced, to solitude and imprisonment, and to the complicated fatigues and privations of shipwreck. Judging by the examples cited by the author, these causes generally, but not invariably, produce hallucinations of an agreeable kind; in which respect they resemble the sensations described by those who have been rescued from drowning and hanging. The shipwrecked crew on the raft of the *Medusa*, deserted and starving, saw not only the vessels which they hoped for, but beautiful plantations and avenues, and landscapes leading to magnificent cities; and the miner shut up during fifteen days without food is comforted by celestial voices, as was Benvenuto Cellini in his prison, and, if our memory serves us faithfully, Silvio Pellico.

Hallucinations of a less pleasurable kind are not uncommon in aged persons, as the result of failing strength and languid circulation through the brain.

Following still an order of our own, but availing ourselves freely of our author's illustrative examples, we next arrive at those hallucinations which are caused by poisonous substances, such as the stramonium or thorn-apple, and the belladonna or deadly nightshade. A case of suicidal poisoning by the first of these plants came under the author's notice. It occurred in the person of a musician and composer, who was first giddy, then as if drunk with wine, next entangled in a visionary ballet, then insensible, then again surrounded by hundreds of thieves and assassins with hideous faces and threatening gestures, which so frightened and excited him that when taken to the *Hôtel Dieu* he was confined as a furious madman. In three days he had completely recovered. A condensed account of the experiences of the English Opium Eater, with a singular history of an opium-eating Indian king, and a fact from Abercrombie illustrative of the power which opium administered for more legitimate reasons has of creating hallucinations; some interesting experiments with the *haschisch* (a preparation made from the seeds of the *Cannabis Indica*, or Indian hemp); and cases of delirium tremens produced by the abuse of spirituous liquors, complete this division of the subject.

Next in order to the causes of hallucinations which we have just been considering, we should place those disturbances of the circulation through the brain which attend diseases acute and chronic not primarily affecting the brain itself. All the forms of fever in every stage of their development, the intermittent fever commonly known as ague, inflammations of the more important organs of the body, seizures of the gout, the suppression of habitual discharges, and many other disorders and diseases which it is not our business to particularize, will come into this category. Affections of the brain itself, such as congestion and inflammation, and disorders of the nervous system—catalepsy, epilepsy, hysteria, hypochondriasis, St. Vitus' dance, and hydrophobia—would constitute another class in our ascending series, which culminates in the hallucinations and illusions so generally present in persons of unsound mind.



The short and imperfect sketch and classification which we have now given of the causes of hallucinations, will serve to show the frequency of these strange disorders of the senses or, to speak more correctly, of that wonderful physical organ of the mind which, sometimes by an effort of the will, but much more frequently without volition or consciousness of effort, converts its own operations into sensual impressions so vivid and so like reality, as to task all the powers of the sound mind to distinguish the real from the unreal, and utterly to set at naught and confound the feeble or confused powers of minds smitten with unsoundness.

Many curious and grave questions suggest themselves to one who has succeeded in realizing this extensive prevalence of hallucinations. Seeing that, without any effort of the will, the brain, which ordinarily perceives the pictures, painted on the eye, can create them out of nothing, we should, even in the absence of experience, be led to the belief that the same organ of the mind, by a similar involuntary action, might originate ideas and opinions bearing to the usual processes of thought and ratiocination the same relation that hallucination does to sensation; in a word, that delusions may spring up involuntarily in the mind, as we know that they do in the insane. But analogy would lead us even further than this. If unreal sensations and unreal thoughts are possible as a consequence of involuntary workings of the organ of the mind, why not unreal words—words which are not the image of any idea deserving of the name, but involuntary creations of an utterly disordered instrument of thought? If unreal sensations, thoughts, and words may be born of involuntary actions of the brain, why not strange and eccentric acts of violence—such acts as madmen themselves attribute to beings other than themselves. The protestations of innocence which these poor madmen make sound strange indeed in the ears of those who have no experience of the insane, and have no conception of, or sympathy with, that aberration of the mind which combines in one awful discord hallucinations and illusions of the senses, delusions of the mind, language of frightful violence, obscenity, or impiety, misery unutterable, and excitement uncontrollable.

But we must not be tempted to wander further into this wide field of speculation. Want of space, and the fair claim of our au-

thor to have some distinct notice taken of those views to which he obviously attaches most importance, constrain us to notice the special case of those great men who have been subject to hallucinations, but whose memory he wishes to keep clear from all suspicion of unsoundness of mind. In a chapter devoted to the class of hallucinations co-existing with sanity, the reader will recognize many a familiar history with which he first became acquainted in the popular works of Sir David Brewster or Sir Walter Scott, or in the more scientific treatises of Abercrombie, Bostock, Conolly, Peterson, Wigan, or Winslow; and he will be reminded of some of the most curious passages in the lives of such men as Byron Samuel Johnson, Pope, Goethe, Lord Castle-reagh, Benvenuto Cellini, Bernadotte, and the first Napoleon.

The author tells us that he has purposely multiplied the illustrations contained in this chapter, and that he selected many of the cases because they relate to celebrated persons, whom no one has ever thought of charging with insanity. "Some of them," he tells us, "have correctly regarded their hallucinations as the offspring of the imagination, or as arising from an unhealthy state of the body. Others, led by their belief in the supernatural, by their vanity, by the opinions of the period, or by superstitious feelings, have privately explained them in accordance with their own wishes; but their conversation and their actions have given no evidence of a disordered intellect; in some they may even have been the source of their great deeds. Frequently, however, the hallucination of the sound mind may be seen to glide into the hallucination of insanity, without its being possible always to point out the boundary which separates the one condition from the other, so difficult is it at all times to establish precise limits." We recognize and fully appreciate this difficulty; but we are not sure that we quite sympathize with the author in his evident desire to acquit great historical personages of the charge of unsoundness of mind, even where they have displayed not simply hallucinations of the senses, but delusions of the mind also. Pope is not to be set down as mad because he saw an arm come out of the wall; nor Dr. Johnson, because he heard his mother's voice call "Samuel" when he knew her to be far away; nor Goethe, because he one day saw the counterpart of him-



self coming towards him; nor Byron, because, as the effect of over excitement of the brain, he occasionally fancied he was visited by a spectre; nor Lord Castlereagh, because he twice saw the vision of the "Radiant Boy;" nor St. Dunstan, Loyola, and Luther, because of their hallucinations; nor Joan of Arc, perhaps, because of the visions which alternately stimulated her patriotism, and were born of her enthusiasm. It is impossible, however, to read the account given of Benvenuto Cellini at page 62, without entertaining very grave doubts of the propriety of classing him with persons having "hallucinations co-existent with sanity." The remainder of the examples cited in this chapter do not appear to be misplaced. The hallucinations were only of occasional occurrence; they were dependent upon transitory causes; they did not exercise any permanent effect upon conduct; or they grew out of the excitement of great enterprises which they did not mar or impede. It ought also to be borne in mind that, in the case of the higher order of thinkers and actors, the hallucinations were in harmony with the universal belief of the times in which they lived. They were but representations on the organs of sense of ideas admitted as indisputably true by the society in which they lived and moved. When all the world believed in witchcraft, when the learned author of *Vulgar Errors* gave authoritative evidence in its favor, when Sir Matthew Hale barely

doubted, and juries were quick to convict, the man who alleged that he saw an old lady of eccentric habits and uncertain temper borne through the air on a broomstick, would scarcely have been deemed insane.

Of the instances of hallucination co-existing with sanity, cited by M. Brierre de Boismont as occurring in great men, the most persistent is that which affected the first Napoleon. He had a brilliant star all to himself, which, according to his own assertion, never abandoned him, and which he saw, on all great occasions, commanding him to advance, and serving as a sure augury and sign of success. The seeing of such a star, associated with such belief in its reality, is scarcely compatible with sanity, and the case is not improved by the adjuncts of unscrupulous appropriation of the property of others, insatiable ambition, diabolical cruelty, and inveterate falsehood. It would not be difficult, indeed, to discover in this extraordinary man that union of intellectual with moral unsoundness which makes up the history of so many acknowledged lunatics. But some allowance must be made for the times in which he lived, and the examples of craft and cruelty which he had placed before him in the earlier part of his career. So that M. Brierre de Boismont may be forgiven for including the name of Napoleon Buonaparte in his list of great men who preserved their sanity in spite of hallucinations.

G.

**LIQUID SILVER MINE.**—Although not entirely new, yet not generally known, is the fact that the ocean contains an immense quantity of silver. At the last session of the Academy of Sciences, it was stated that experiments have demonstrated the waters of the Atlantic to contain about a grain troy of that metal to every fifteen thousand pounds of water—according to this computation, the waters of the ocean contain a much greater quantity of the precious metal than has ever yet been extracted from the bowels of the earth. The savans say its presence may be accounted for on two theories—it

may either proceed from the emanations of chloride of silver, issuing from the bosom of the earth, or from the slow action which salt water exercises on the argentiferous sulphurets which crop out from the earth, both on land and at the bottom of the ocean; at any rate, they are satisfied it is there, but as it costs now about ten times as much to extract it as it is worth, it is not probable that this immense placer of silver will entice away many of the oyster diggers, who have recently fallen so fortunately upon the big bed of bivalves on some portions of the water bed.

## LIFE'S SHIPWRECKS.

UNDER the wave!

Keel, that has girt its furrow round the world;  
 Canvas, to every ocean-breeze unfurled;  
 Cordage, that rang like harpstrings to the  
 blast:

Lithe spars, that bent and struggled as it past;  
 Like wrestlers brave  
 Into the surging gulf of waters cast—  
 Under the wave.

Under the wave!

Gold, that but now unveiled its lustrous gleams  
 By the wild gullies of Australian streams;  
 Stout arms, that hardly gathered day by day  
 The glittering store for dear ones far away,  
 Helpless to save;  
 Washing and seething like the refuse clay  
 Under the wave.

Under the wave!

The father from his household treasures fair  
 Severed in silent agony of prayer;  
 The dauntless swimmer, who with straining  
 hand,  
 Had wellnigh grasped a brother's on the land;  
 The coward slave,  
 Swept, conscience-struck, as by the avenger's  
 hand,  
 Under the wave!

Under the wave,

That heaves upon the restless flood of Time  
 Our myriad barques, freighted with hopes sub-  
 lime,  
 Or idlest dreams, thus hour by hour are rolled:  
 Beauty, or strength, or loving hearts, or gold,  
 Vanity we crave,  
 When life's rude gale their parting knell has  
 toll'd

Under the wave!

Under the wave!

No fragment left of all our cherished store,  
 No shattered wreck that yet may drift to shore:  
 Pale cheeks with unavailing tears are wet,  
 And the heart strives, but cares not to forget  
 The ocean grave:  
 Nay, brother! Hope and Love are deathless yet  
 Under the wave!

EDMUND BOGER.

—*Everybody's Journal.*

## LOVE.

BY THE LATE T. K. HERVEY.

THERE are who say the lover's heart  
 Is in the loved one's merged  
 Oh, never by love's own warm art  
 So cold a plea was urged!  
 No!—hearts that love hath crowned or crossed,  
 Love fondly knits together;  
 But not a thought or hue is lost  
 That made a part of either.

Expanding in the soft, bright heat  
 That draweth each to other,  
 Each feels itself in every beat,  
 Though beating for another;

It is their very union's art

The separate parts to prove,  
 And man first learns how great his heart  
 When he has learned to love.

The loving heart gives back as due  
 The treasure it has found—

As scents return to him who threw  
 The precious things around—  
 As mirrors show, because they're bright,  
 What shadows o'er them move—  
 Receives the light, and by the light  
 Reflects the form of love.

As he who, wrapt in fancy's dream,  
 Bends o'er some wave at even,  
 Yet deep within the sunlight stream  
 Sees but himself and heaven—  
 So, looketh through his loved one's eyes,  
 In search of all things rare,  
 The lover—and amid love's skies  
 Himself is everywhere.

It is an ill-told tale that tells

Of "hearts by love made one;"  
 He grows who near another's dwells  
 More conscious of his own:  
 In each spring up new thoughts and powers  
 That, 'mid love's warm clear weather,  
 Together tend like climbing flowers,  
 And, turning, grow together.

Such fictions blink love's better part,  
 Yield up its half of bliss;  
 The wells are in the neighbor heart  
 When there is thirst in this:

There findeth love the passion-flowers  
 On which it learns to thrive,  
 Makes honey in another's bowers,  
 But brings it home to hive.

Love's life is in its own replies—

To each low beat it beats,  
 Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,  
 And every throb repeats.  
 Then, since one loving heart still throws  
 Two shadows in love's sun,  
 How should two loving hearts compose  
 And mingle into one?

—*Chambers's Journal.*

## SONG.

DRENCHED by the wintry seas,  
 Sullied and torn,  
 Dove of the distant trees,  
 Where wast thou born?  
 Who, when the autumn breeze  
 Rifted thy nest,  
 Drove thee, with sighs like these,  
 Straight to my breast?

Spread not thy wings for me,  
 White-plumaged dove;  
 Whither should Sorrow flee,  
 Cradled by Love?  
 Wet through thy pinions be,  
 Fair thine eyes shine;  
 Tears, if they fell on thee,  
 Trembled from mine.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

From The Athenæum.

*The Life of Frederick William von Steuben, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army.* By Friedrich Kapp. With an Introduction by George Bancroft. New York, Mason Brothers. London, Low and Co.

THE Americans are believed to have sent to this country that prolific weed, the *Anacharis*, which, at one time, threatened to choke up every river into which it found entrance. On the other hand, a perusal of the instructive preface to this book will serve to show that our circumlocution establishments have furnished the government offices in the United States with an enormous amount of *red tape*, which is used for tying up documents from the world, and quietly strangling truth.

This biography is an apt illustration of how jealous officials may vex the soul of an author. Here is old Von Steuben, of whom few of us have heard any thing, because he lacked that *sacer vates* whose mantle is now assumed by Mr. Kapp. Von Steuben was a young soldier under Frederick the Great. He gained reputation in many a field, and was in years of peace leading a very easy life as a sort of head-chamberlain at a little German court, when the French government secretly engaged him to cross to America, and teach the undisciplined levies of the insurgent patriots to overthrow the rule of the English sovereign. This was done when France and England were yet at peace; and, indeed, the former was profuse in royal and ministerial assurances to the latter, that she entertained no ill-feelings, and would enter into no evil designs, nor intrigue, nor make war against the authority of George the Third. At that very moment France had despatched Von Steuben to America, under a higher military title than he had ever possessed, in order to insure him a greater degree of respect, to help to destroy the monarchical system which France affected to be eager to support. Thus, it will be seen, that, for continental kings and noblemen to write one thing when they design the exact contrary, is not an invention of our own degenerate days.

Von Steuben performed his mission well, and under serious disadvantages. He found a disorganized army, averse from discipline, addicted to assert its own freedom, and rapidly becoming more dangerous to itself than to the enemy,—and he made of it an army of soldiers worthy of the handling of Washing-

ton and of the stubborn foe whom they ultimately had the honor to defeat. Von Steuben, ignorant of the English language, found means, nevertheless, to make himself understood. As instructor-general he was a severe but a scrupulously just master; and although opposed, calumniated, and ridiculed at first, his perseverance and ability carried him through triumphantly. Although not unfrequently in the field, his chief mission was to prepare the insurgent forces, by previous drill, to unite with bravery the advantages of obedience and self-reliance; and, perhaps, by his invention of the *light-infantry* system, he enabled the men and generals in the American army to add pages to their history, which, but for him, would not be bright with half the glory which now illumines them.

When the war was at an end, and George the Third with consummate tact gracefully acquiesced in the accomplished fact, which he had obstructed with all his energies, Von Steuben had to squabble with the new government of the States touching his remuneration; and, ultimately, he settled as a gentleman-farmer on an estate assigned to him in the far west. There he died towards the end of the century, and a grateful administration quietly consigned him to oblivion.

There is, however, a large German population in the States. These were determined that the memory of Von Steuben should not die. Mr. Kapp took the matter in hand. On all sides, but one, he met with ready assistance. Family papers, letters, documents from Germany, France, England—from Von Steuben's personal admirers in the States, too,—were liberally placed at his disposal. To make his story perfect, Mr. Kapp only required to consult the state archives at Washington; but *there* he was "ignominiously repulsed." He was furnished with the best letters of introduction; but one secretary of state was too busy to read them; another put him off with expectations not intended to be realized; a third, who "was also a general in time of peace," declared that he must have a special permission from congress. Wearied out, he at last boldly entered the Archive Chambers, without leave or license from secretaries or congress, and set to work at making copies, which were soon taken from him, though they were afterwards restored. Finally, he was treated as a spy, and had to beat a retreat. Again, he made a respectful

application to be allowed to consult the materials for history contained in the Archive Chamber:—

" 'I presume you are going to prove,' said one of these classic under-secretaries to me on that day, 'that the success of our Revolution is due to the Germans; that they contributed chiefly to our national independence. There was once an Irishman who wrote a life of General Montgomery, and applied to the department for admission to the archives. He afterwards proved that we should not have succeeded without General Montgomery, and that he was even equal to Washington.' In short, among the generals, commodores, and colonels of the ministry of state, I was submitted to a close cross-examination, and though of course denying the propriety of their inquisitiveness, I gave repeated assurances that I intended to write history and not fancy tales. They, however, did not seem to place much confidence in what I said."

Despite this opposition—obstinate and stupid as any thing encountered by Von Steuben himself, who taught the Americans the use of the bayonet, for which they had previously entertained the contempt of ignorant men—Mr. Kapp has accomplished his task satisfactorily. His book is heavy—heavy with documents and papers and explanations which writers of history will well know how to employ when constructing more "readable" works. Meanwhile, having signified the position which the volume occupies in literature, we add a few brief extracts illustrative of the hero and his times. The first refers to the period just subsequent to the Arnold treachery:—

"On one occasion, after the treason, the baron was on parade at roll-call, when the detested name, Arnold, was heard in one of the infantry companies of the Connecticut line. The baron immediately called the unfortunate possessor to the front of the company. He was a perfect model for his profession; clothes, arms, and equipments in the most perfect order. The practised eye of the baron soon scanned the soldier, and 'call at my marquise, after you are dismissed, brother soldier,' was his only remark. After Arnold was dismissed from parade, he called at the baron's quarters as directed. The baron said to him, 'You are too fine a soldier to bear the name of a traitor—change it at once, change it at once.'—'But what name shall I take?' replied Arnold.—'Any that you please, any that you please; take mine, if you cannot suit yourself better; mine is at your service.' Arnold at once agreed to the propo-

sition, and immediately repaired to his orderly, and Jonathan Steuben forthwith graced the company roll, in lieu of the disgraced name of him who had plotted treason to his country."

The following is such a picture of the period as we have not been accustomed to have placed before us. It is full of interest:—

"As if the invasion of the country were a misfortune, not sufficiently great, some classes of the inhabitants of Richmond availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the British, to enrich themselves by robbing and plundering, and forced the officers of the state to employ their men for the protection of the public property against the native population, instead of against their foreign invaders. 'The welfare of my country,' writes the brave Claiborne to Steuben, on the 8th of January, 1781, dated Richmond, 'the comfort of the soldiers and the orders of my superiors, I have ever exerted myself to promote and execute, but empty handed as I am at present, and the little assistance I get, almost render all my efforts ineffectual. There is no commander here nor will anybody be commanded. This leaves what public stores a few of the virtuous inhabitants have collected, exposed to every passenger, and the property of the individuals to the ravages of the negroes. Both public and private property have been discovered to a considerable quantity, that was secreted clandestinely in and about town, and I am sorry to say that there is a stigma which rests upon the conduct of some of our own men with respect to the pillaging of public and private goods, that does not upon the British troops; the one acted as an open enemy, but the other in a secret and infamous manner. I shall take proper measures to find them out and have them collected. I had a party of the militia given me by Colonel Haskins and patrolled the streets of Richmond during the night. I am sorry that the militia differs so much from the continental soldiers!'"

There was a good, at least a *large*, amount of indifferent patriotism afloat,—and the system of serving the cause of liberty, not by paid, but by kidnapped, substitutes, is again a novelty:—

"Men sufficient to form a regiment had, with much pains, been collected together at Chesterfield courthouse. The corps was paraded, and on the point of marching, when a well-looking man, on horseback, and, as it appeared, his servant on another, rode up, and introducing himself, informed the baron that he had brought him a recruit. 'I thank you, sir,' said the baron, 'with all my heart; you



have arrived in a happy moment! Where is your man, colonel?' for he was colonel in the militia.—'Here, sir,' ordering his boy to dismount. The baron's countenance altered; we saw and feared the approaching storm. A sergeant was ordered to measure the lad, whose shoes, when off, laid bare something by which his stature had been increased. The baron, patting the child's head with his hand, trembling with rage, asked him how old he was. He was very young, quite a child. 'Sir,' said he to the man, 'you must have supposed me to be a rascal!'—'Oh no, baron, I did not.'—Then, sir, I suppose you to be a rascal, an infamous rascal, thus to attempt to cheat your country. Take off this fellow's spurs; place him in the ranks, and tell General Greene from me, Col. Gaskins, that I have sent him a man able to serve, instead of an infant whom he would basely have made his substitute! Go, my boy; take the colonel's spurs and his horse to his wife; make my compliments, and say her husband has gone to fight for the freedom of his country, as an honest man should do. By platoons!—To the right wheel!—Forward—March!'"

Stern soldier as he was, he had tender memories of a wounded heart, and therewith not more mirth than manifested itself in quiet, dry humor; nor any rigidity of discipline so severe but it could bend to a sense of justice. For instance:—

"Steuben was rather haughty in his bearing, which did not in the least diminish his frankness and cordiality in social intercourse, and he was of easy access, benevolent, and full of a high sense of justice. At a review near Morristown, a Lieut. Gibbons, a brave and good officer, was arrested on the spot, and ordered to the rear, for a fault which, it afterward appeared, another had committed. At a proper moment the commander of the regiment came forward and informed the baron of Mr. Gibbons' innocence, of his worth, and of his acute feelings under his unmerited disgrace. 'Desire Lieut. Gibbons to come to the front, colonel. Sir,' said the baron, addressing the young gentleman, 'the fault which was committed by throwing the line into confusion might, in the presence of an enemy, have been fatal; I arrested you as its supposed author, but I have reason to believe that I was mistaken, and that, in this instance, you were blameless. I ask your pardon; return to your command; I would not deal unjustly toward any one, much less toward one whose character as an officer is so respecta-

ble.' All this passed with the baron's hat off, the rain pouring on his venerable head! Do you think there was an officer or soldier who saw it, unmoved by affection and respect? Not one."

The American government has not cared to cherish the memory of the man who saved their army from dissolution; and, therefore, we are the less surprised that American people have not cared to respect his grave. A public highway was needed, and the grave of the old soldier happened to lie in its way:—

"The ashes of the man who, after a stirring and eventful life, had well deserved the rest of the grave, had to give way to the wants of a few farmers. There even was no sacrifice required, no money to be spent, if the road had been made a little to the right or left of its present direction, for the land is of no great value in that neighborhood. But the citizens of the county which Steuben had honored as his residence, scarcely knew him; they did not pay the slightest regard to common decency, and thus the petty interests of the living farmers prevailed over the claims of the deceased hero to a quiet resting-place. The road cut off about one-third of the grave, but no one thought of removing the remains. As if Indians had dug up the place, for a while the coffin was exposed to storm and rain, and a very credible eye-witness relates that it had once been opened by the neighbors, who could not resist the temptation of getting a piece of Steuben's old military cloak. When Benjamin Walker heard of this sacrilegious violation of the sacred remains of his old friend, he caused them to be removed to a more suitable resting-place."

The above is not creditable to the local feeling, at all events; nor was the memory of Von Steuben more honored by Lafayette, who disliked the energetic disciplinarian. In 1824, the Frenchman, on his visit to America, was invited to inaugurate a monument to his old companion in arms, "but he refused to accede to the request, excusing himself under some shallow pretext." True heroism is not always to be found dwelling in the breasts of popular heroes. By the state, and by individual rivals, Von Steuben seems to have been grievously wronged,—illustrating thereby the remark of the notable Tom Brown, that, "Great bodies of men are subject to all the infirmities of particular persons."